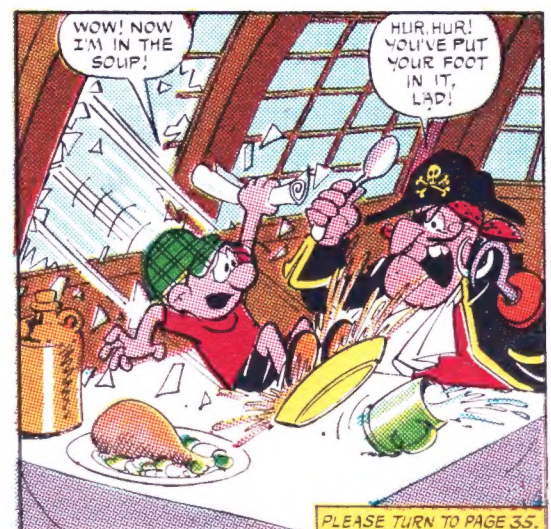
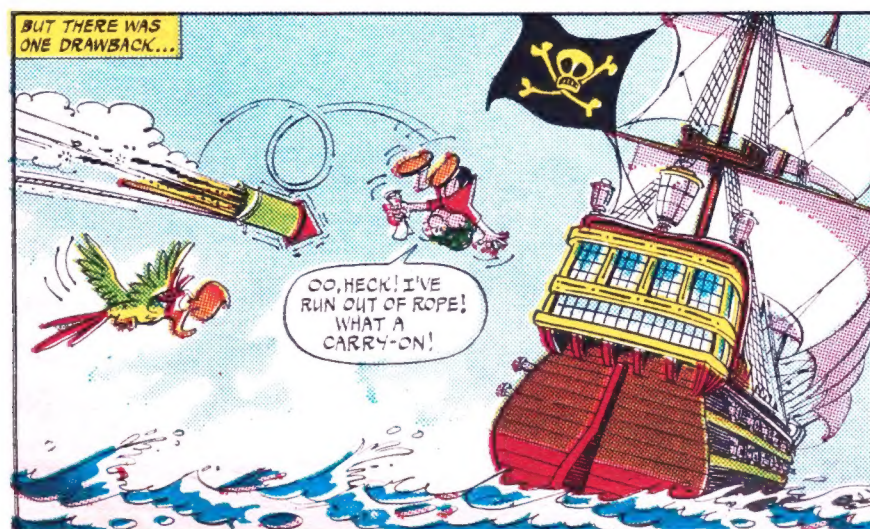
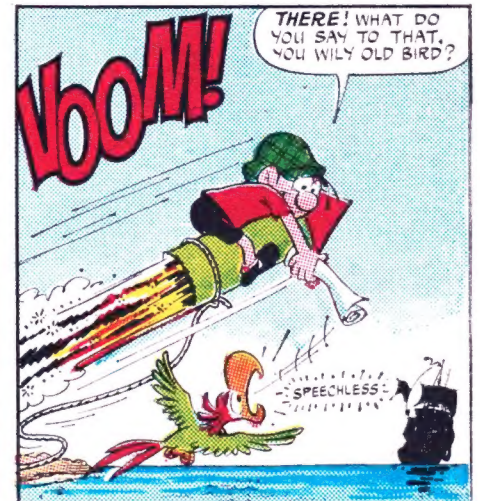
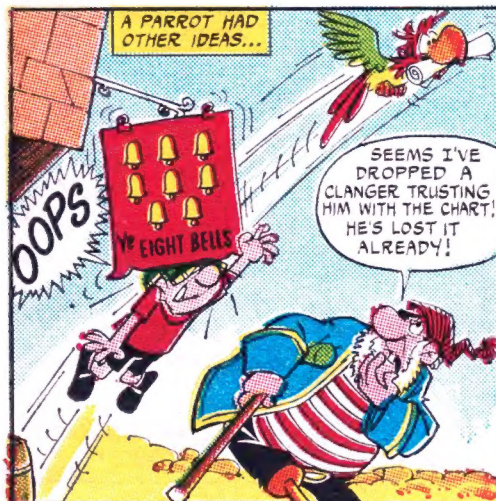
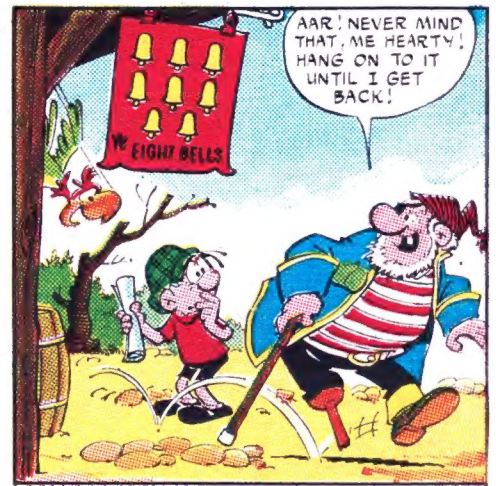
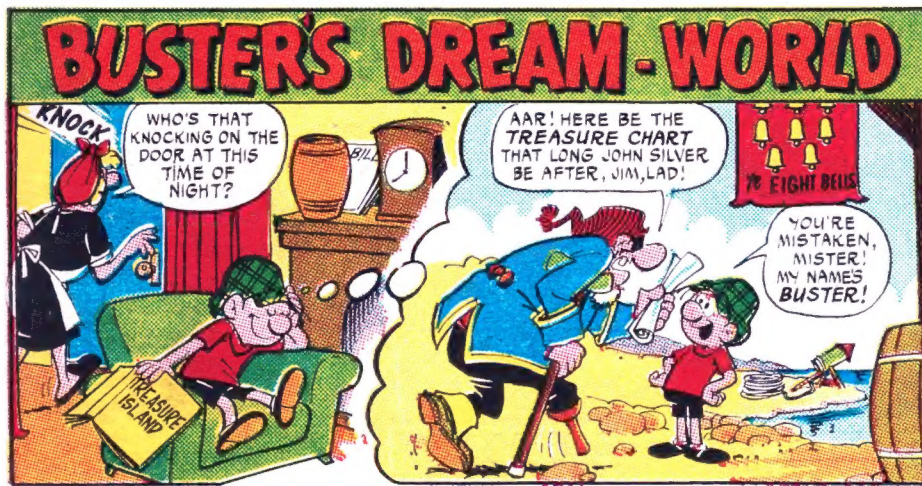


MERVYN'S MONSTERS THEY'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD! SEE INSIDE

BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle 3rd. FEBRUARY, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d.; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Danmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.



PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 35.

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. After eating some boiled rice which upset his sensitive stomach, Galaxus's whole body began to glow with a fantastic heat. Because of this, his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—were forced to keep their distance...

OH, JIM, GALAXUS DOESN'T REALISE THAT WE CAN'T GET NEAR HIM FOR THE HEAT. HE THINKS WE'VE DESERTED HIM!

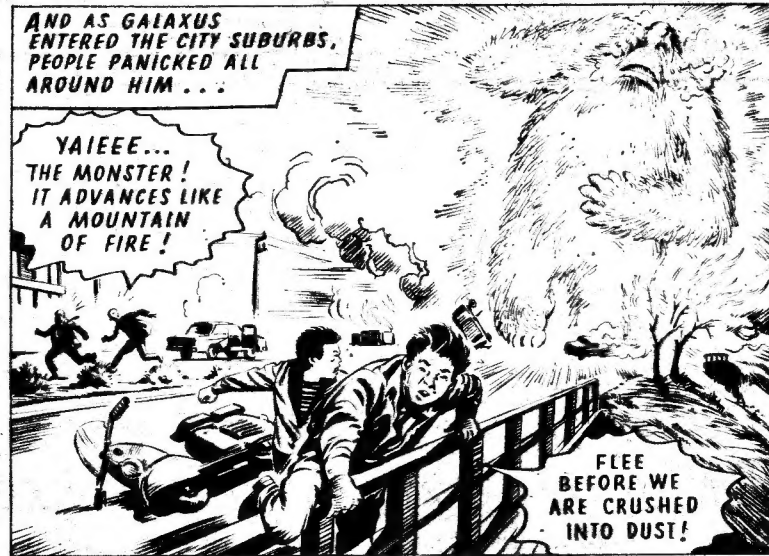
THEN WE MUST DO SOMETHING! APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, HE'S HEADING FOR TOKYO!

SOBBING WITH DESPAIR, THE TOWERING SPACE-CREATURE STUMBLED ONWARDS...



AND AS GALAXUS ENTERED THE CITY SUBURBS, PEOPLE PANICKED ALL AROUND HIM...

YAAAA... THE MONSTER! IT ADVANCES LIKE A MOUNTAIN OF FIRE!



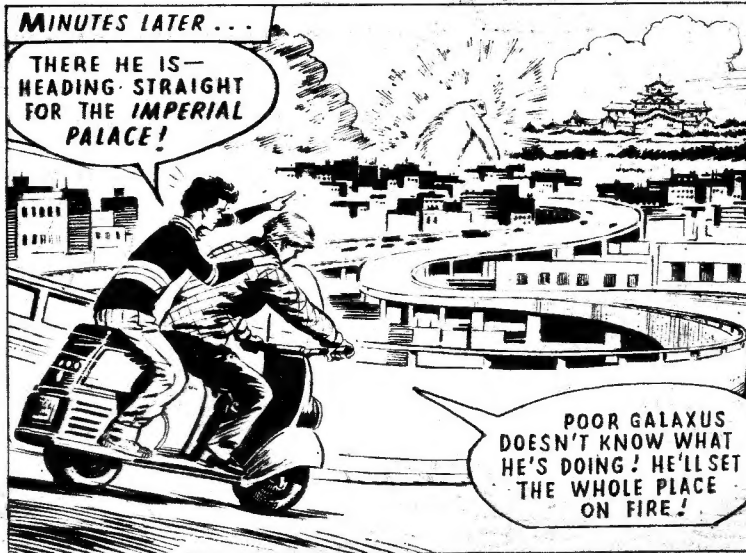
HALF A MILE BEHIND, JIM AND DANNY JONES REACHED THE END OF THE FREEWAY...

JIM, WE MUST CATCH UP, AND MAKE GALAXUS CHANGE SIZE BEFORE HE WRECKS THE CITY CENTRE!

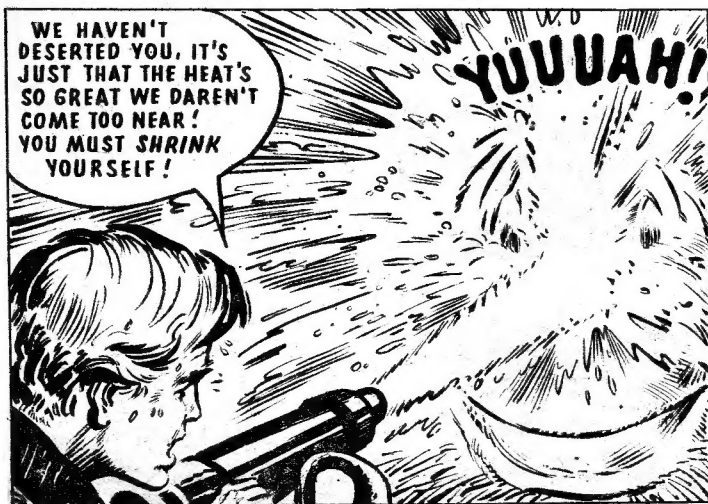
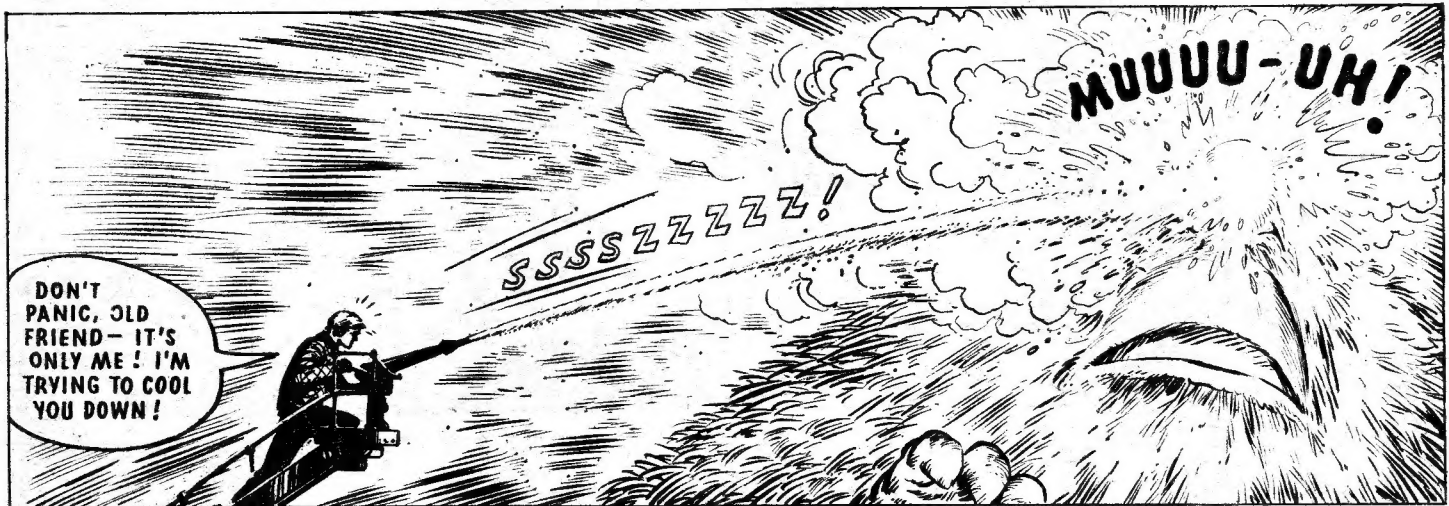
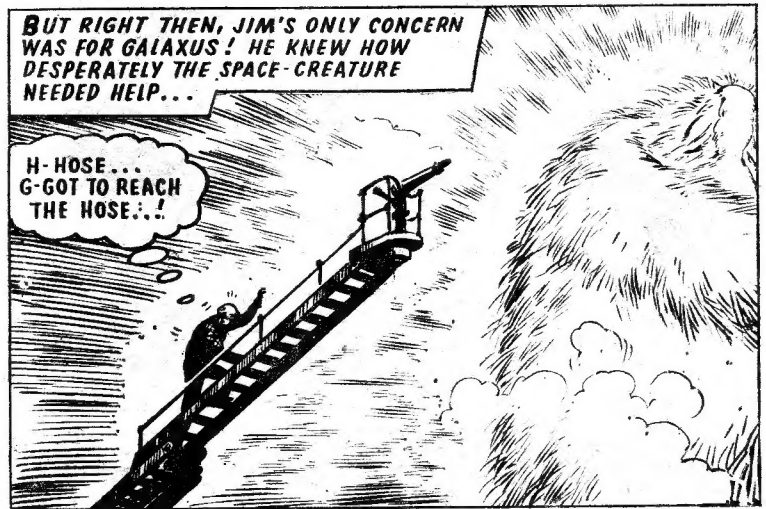
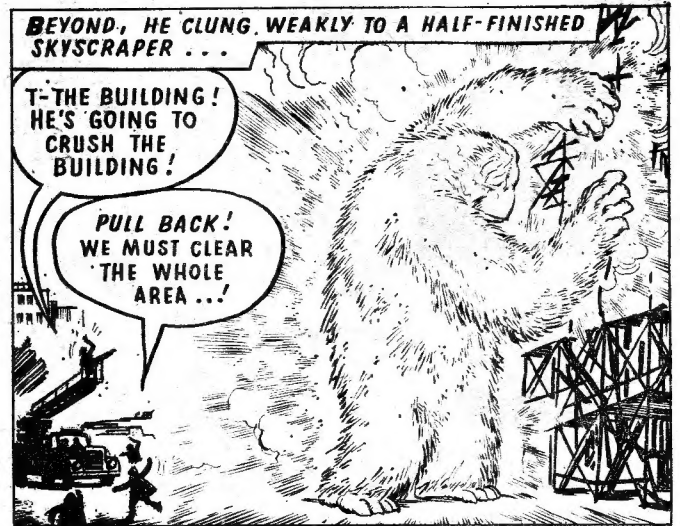


MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE IS—HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE IMPERIAL PALACE!



THE HEAT FROM THE SPACE-CREATURE'S BODY KEPT ALL BUT THE ENGLISH BOY AT BAY!



CONTINUED OVERLEAF-



AND SECONDS LATER...

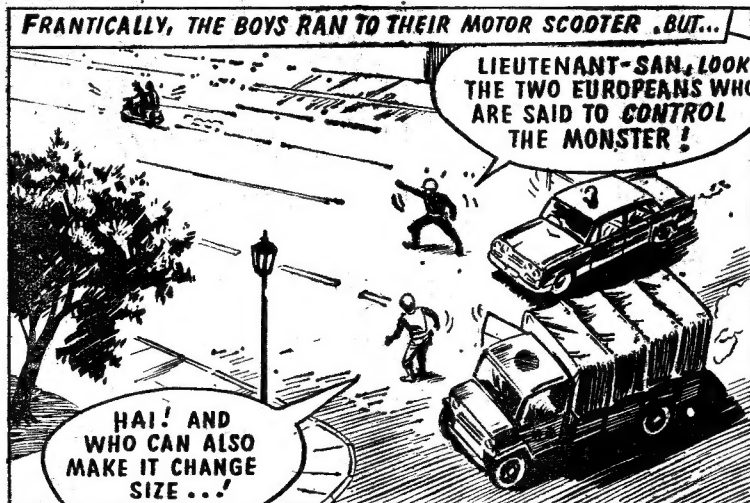
SO FAR, SO GOOD, JIM... BUT HE'S STILL FAR TOO HOT TO HOLD!

THEN WE'LL CARRY HIM IN THIS FIRE BUCKET! IT'S FULL OF SAND, SO THERE'LL BE NO RISK!



SORRY TO HAVE TO CONFINED YOU LIKE THIS, OLD FRIEND... BUT YOU SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH UNTIL WE GET CLEAR OF THE CITY!

I HEAR POLICE SIRENS, JIM! THEY'RE COMING BACK!



FRANTICALLY, THE BOYS RAN TO THEIR MOTOR SCOOTER... BUT...

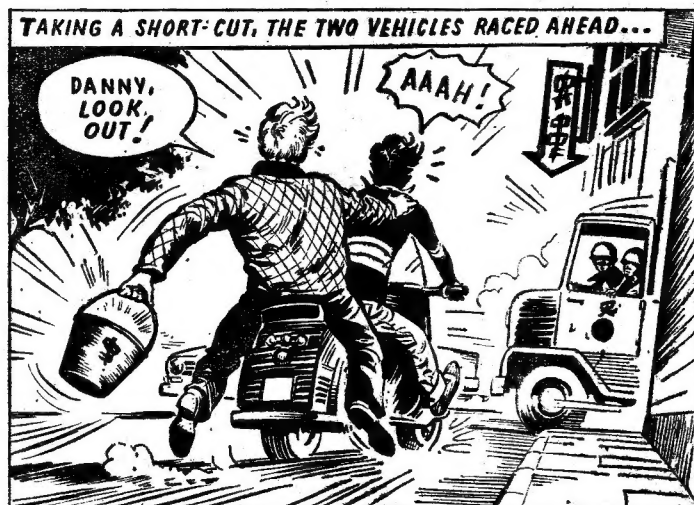
LIEUTENANT-SAN, LOOK! THE TWO EUROPEANS WHO ARE SAID TO CONTROL THE MONSTER!

HAI! AND WHO CAN ALSO MAKE IT CHANGE SIZE...



THAT BUCKET-- YOU THINK THEY HAVE THE BEAST IN THERE, LIEUTENANT-SAN?

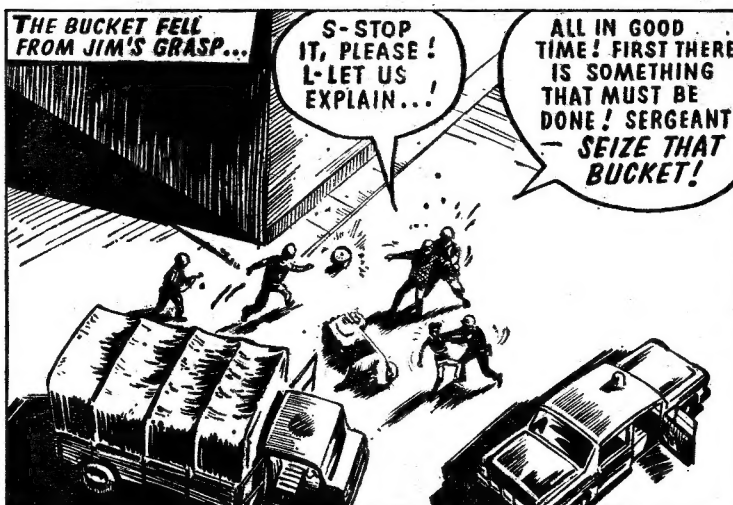
ALMOST CERTAINLY... AND IF SO, IT MEANS WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL! NOW HURRY, MY FRIEND!



TAKING A SHORT-CUT, THE TWO VEHICLES RACED AHEAD...

DANNY, LOOK OUT!

AAAHH!



THE BUCKET FELL FROM JIM'S GRASP...

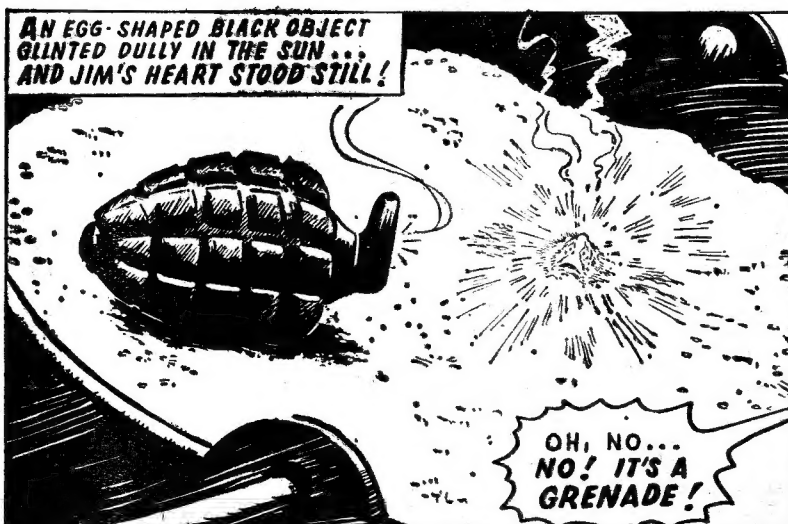
S-STOP IT, PLEASE! L-LET US EXPLAIN...

ALL IN GOOD TIME! FIRST THERE IS SOMETHING THAT MUST BE DONE! SERGEANT-- SEIZE THAT BUCKET!



TAKE IT TO THE PARK! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS..!

W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



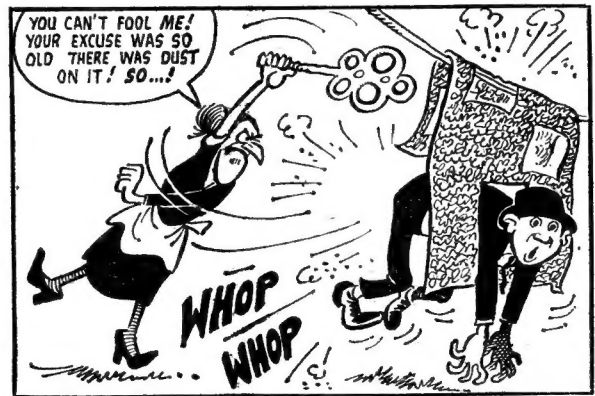
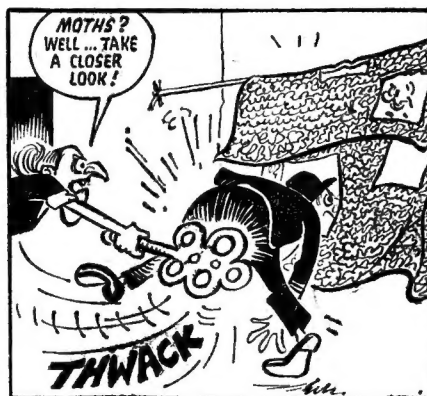
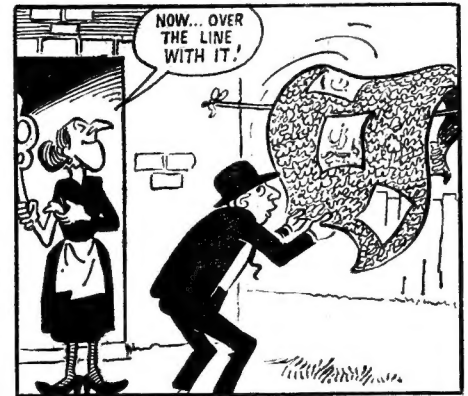
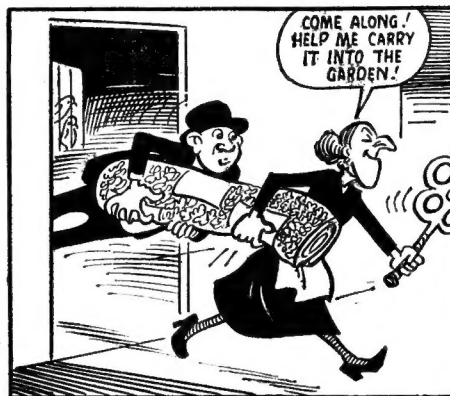
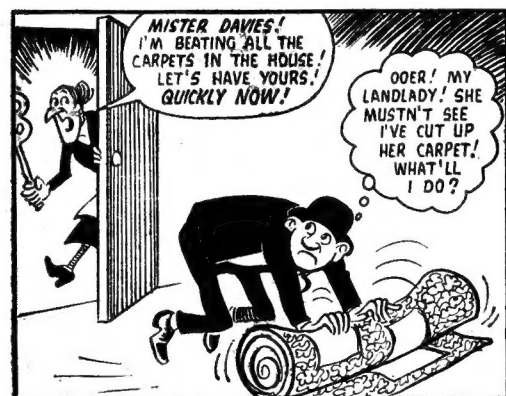
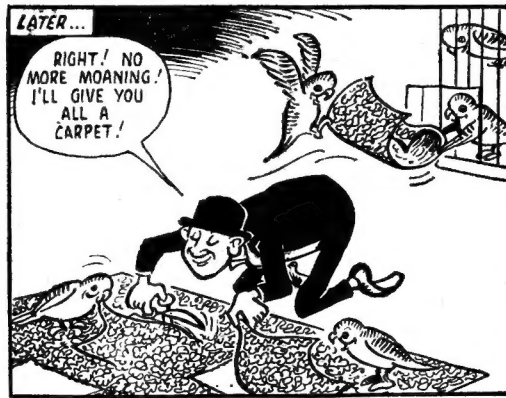
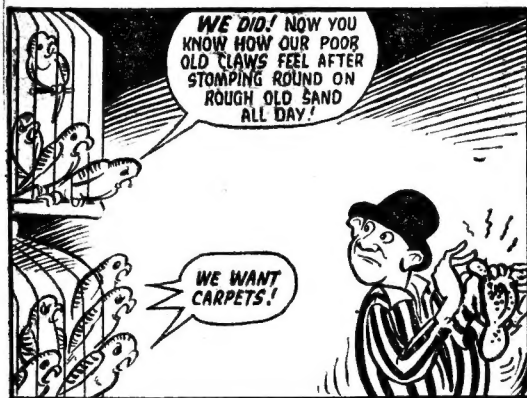
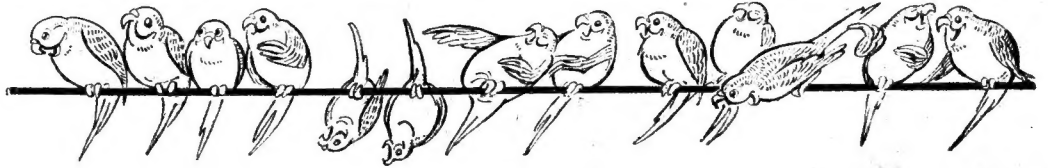
AN EGG-SHAPED BLACK OBJECT GLINTED DULLY IN THE SUN... AND JIM'S HEART STOOD STILL!

OH, NO... NO! IT'S A GRENADE!

IS THIS THE END FOR GALAXUS? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S EXCITEMENT!



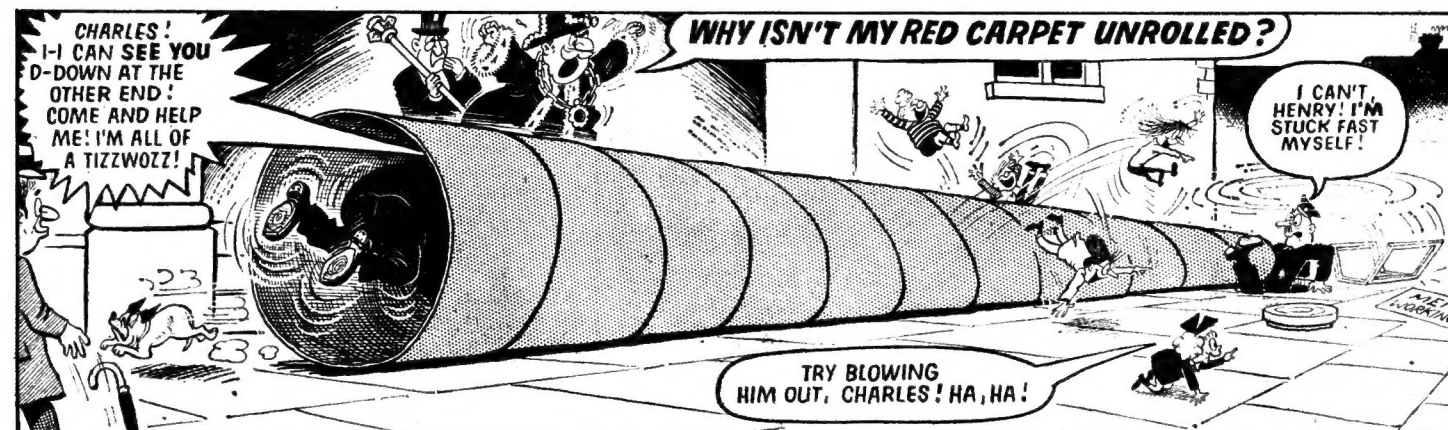
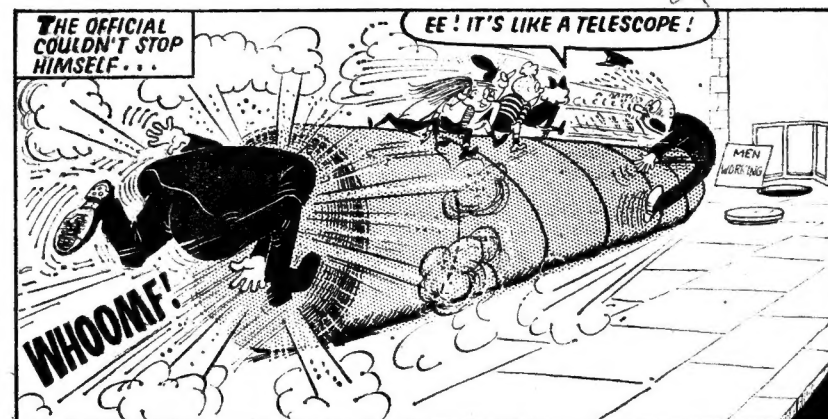
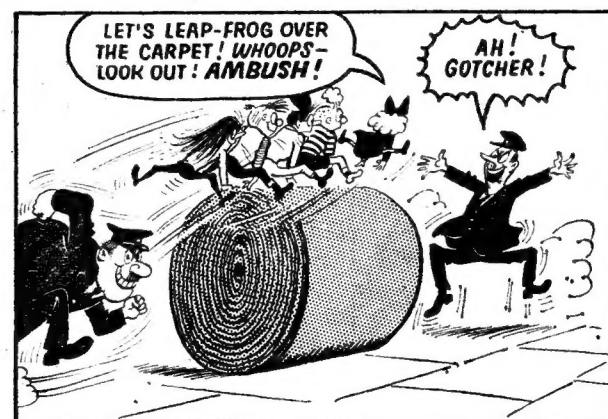
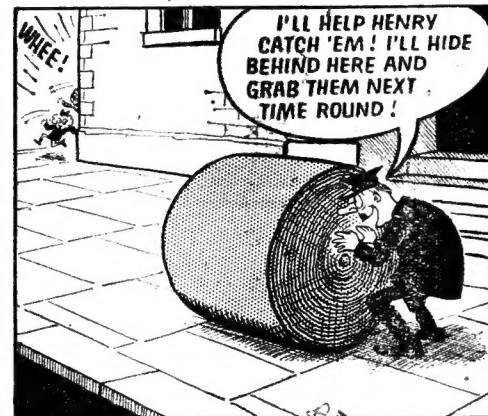
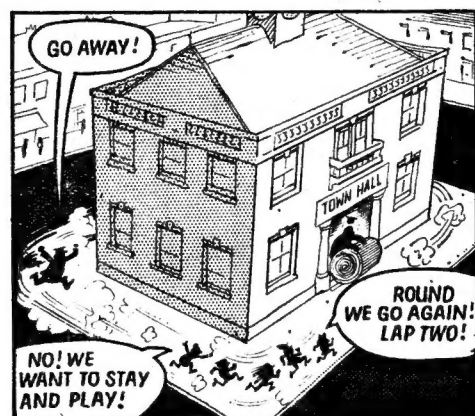
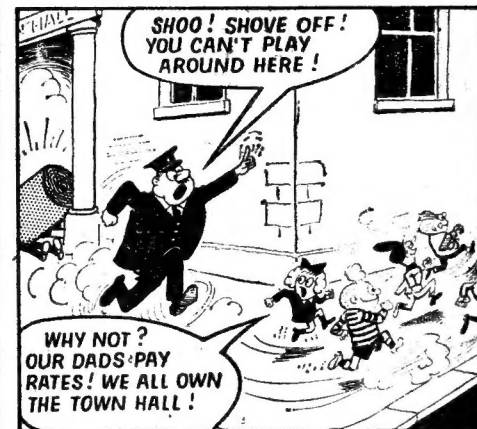
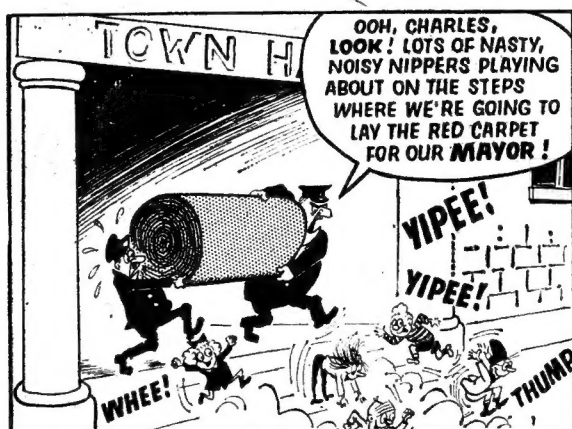
FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



A NEW LINE IN LAUGHS FROM OUR BUDDY AND HIS BUDGIES NEXT WEEK—A WASHING LINE!

THE WILD BUNCH

LITTLE PET DODGER DEBBIE JOKER TWISTER



IT'S A POLICEMAN WHO COPS IT WHEN HE RUNS ACROSS THE WILD BUNCH NEXT MONDAY!



Graham Brown, of Haslemere, plays football and enjoys model-making and slot car racing.



South Wales member, **Andrew Jones**, lives in Llanelli. He is a keen swimmer and footballer.



Art and reading are hobbies of **Bernard Turnbull** from Wiltshire, who says BUSTER is smashing.



Cyclist, **Neil Bessey**, likes swimming and model-making. He lives in Sunbury-on-Thames.



Meet member **Tony Goodwin**, of Bexleyheath. His interests include swimming and books.



Ian Watts is another cyclist who also sings in his school choir. Ian lives in Bedford.

PRIZE LETTERS OF THE WEEK

Here's a letter from **Philip Drew**, of Carshalton in Surrey, that I had a good chuckle over. While Philip and his family were on holiday, he and his father decided to go rowing in a small boat. It quickly filled with water and sank with them in it! They waded ashore soaking wet, much to the amusement of Philip's mother and sister who had stayed on the bank. Philip also says that although he has entered many of the Club competitions he never seems to win a prize. Well, Philip, your letter has done the trick this time. Nice to hear from you, and everyone agrees with you... BUSTER IS FAB!

Just room for a few lines from one of our girl members, **Laura Vine**, who lives in Bexley. She writes to tell me that her interests are sailing, model making and football. She has cut all the jokes from the back of BUSTER to make a book of jokes for the children in her local hospital. Good for you, Laura, and a prize for your letter!

SEE YOUR BIRTH DATE? Now claim your prize

20th MAY, 1955 27th AUGUST, 1956

17th FEBRUARY, 1959

2nd DECEMBER, 1957

13th APRIL, 1958 30th OCTOBER, 1960

LOOK through the list of Birth Dates printed above. If yours is there, and you sent in to join my Club on or before Monday, 22nd January, read on and find out how to claim your choice of these awards: **Disguise Outfit, Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Writing Folder or Vintage Model Car Kit.**

All you have to do is match the names of the following well-known cities with their countries. Example: LONDON and ENGLAND.

**MELBOURNE ROME MOSCOW
PARIS TORONTO ITALY FRANCE
AUSTRALIA CANADA RUSSIA**

Write your answers neatly on a postcard together with your full name, address and date of birth. Then, underneath, state your choice from the prizes above. Print **DATES** in the top left hand corner of the address side of your card, and post it to reach the Club address by **Thursday, 8th February**. Overseas members have until 30th May.

All correct entries from Club members dated here will win them prizes of their choice. But remember—you mustn't send in for a Birth Date award more than once!



Every week, many BUSTER Club members win prizes for having their dates of birth, photographs or letters printed on this page. You don't want to miss the chance of winning a record token in today's competition, so post the joining form NOW to the Club address.

Membership is free, but if you want our shining blue and 'gold' Club badge to wear, please enclose a shilling postal order with your form, (overseas readers must send International Reply Coupons — NOT postal orders!) and also complete the return label underneath the joining form. If you don't want a badge, send the top joining form only.

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB



MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

HI, CHUMS... I'm here again with a special 'hello' to all the new members of our happy gang. Plenty of news, fun and twenty smashing prizes to be won this week. Solve our simple 'members only' PAIRS competition below and you could win a super record voucher that you can exchange for your favourite disc... POP, JAZZ or CLASSICAL. What a chance... so get busy, chums! Your old pal, BUSTER.

Win Your HIT RECORD!



WHAT to do: take a good look at the picture puzzle on the left. You will see that there are twelve objects of various kinds jumbled up. Now, match the names of six objects with six others in the puzzle, so that they rhyme with each other. You will end up with six pairs, and one to start you off is HAT and BAT... Easy, isn't it!

List all six pairs neatly on a plain postcard, adding underneath your full name, address and birth date. Ask a grown-up to sign the entry as your own work, mark it 'PAIRS' at the top left hand corner of the address side, and post to reach the Club address not later than **Thursday, 8th February**. Remember, only registered members may enter this competition; newcomers to the Club must post their entry card and joining form together in the same envelope which must be stamped 4d.

Record Tokens will be awarded for the twenty neatest correct entries, with age taken into account. My decision is final!

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL Names are
MY FULL Address is

I was born on :

DAY OF MONTH (in figures)	MONTH	YEAR
------------------------------	-------	------



The Club Badge costs one shilling plus postage.

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d. stamp where shown, and enclose with a shilling postal order.

Name
Address

Stick 4d stamp firmly here for return postage

If undelivered please return to :
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

THE BEWILDERED FISHBOY WAS LOCKED IN COMBAT WITH A FEARSOME GUARD DOG!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child, and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe under water as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching Colombo, in Ceylon, he was chased by some stall-holders...



FISHBOY WAS STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS BY A SNARLING DOG...



FISHBOY HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE A GUARD DOG BEFORE...



MEANWHILE, NEAR THE MAIN GATES, THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE HAD BEEN DISTURBED...



ANGRILY, THE HEFTY MERCHANT MOVED ACROSS THE LAWN...



TOO LATE, FISHBOY TRIED TO RUN...



FISHBOY WAS GIVEN NO OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLAIN...



HALF AN HOUR PASSED, AND GRADUALLY THE VITAL SUPPLY OF OXYGEN WHICH FISHBOY HAD BUILT UP IN THE SEA, BECAME EXHAUSTED...



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE BUBBLING SOUND ECHOED SOFTLY IN THE ROOM...



GASPING, HE DIVED INTO THE ORNAMENTAL POND AND GURGLED HIS THANKS...



SLOWLY, FISHBOY FELT ENERGY FLOW BACK INTO HIS LIMBS. BUT, UP ABOVE...



EVEN AS THE ANGRY POLICEMAN LUNGED FORWARD, THE FRIENDLY CARP STREAKED TO FISHBOY'S RESCUE ONCE AGAIN!



TAKING A LAST DEEP BREATH, FISHBOY WHIPLASHED HIS WEBBED FEET THROUGH THE WATER... AND EMERGED WITH ROCKET-LIKE SPEED!



SECONDS LATER, HE WAS RACING FOR THE STREET...



BUT FISHBOY MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE... FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A RIVER, WAS IN ACTUAL FACT A MONSOON DITCH!



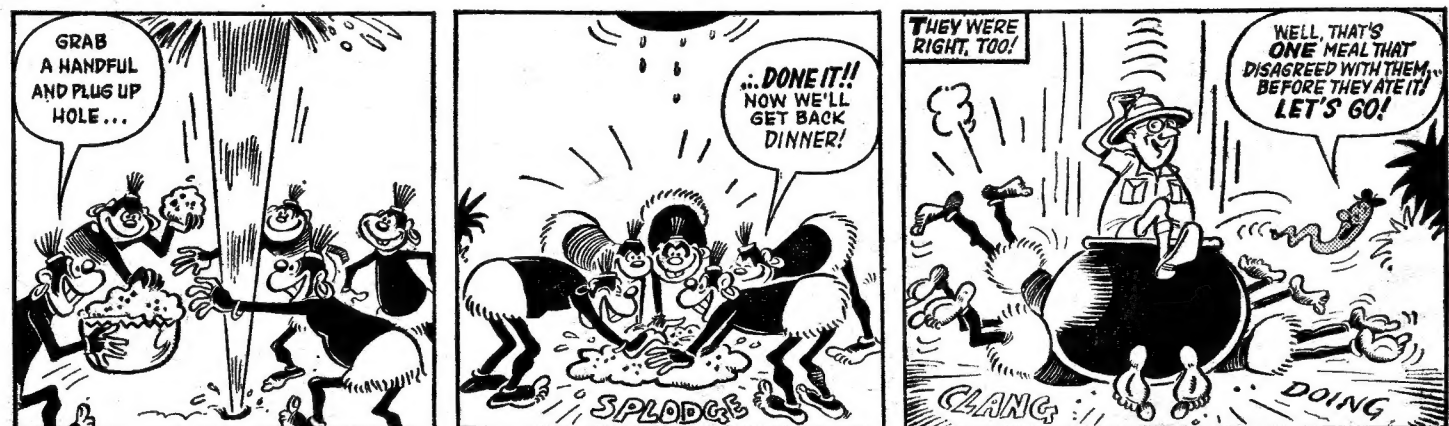
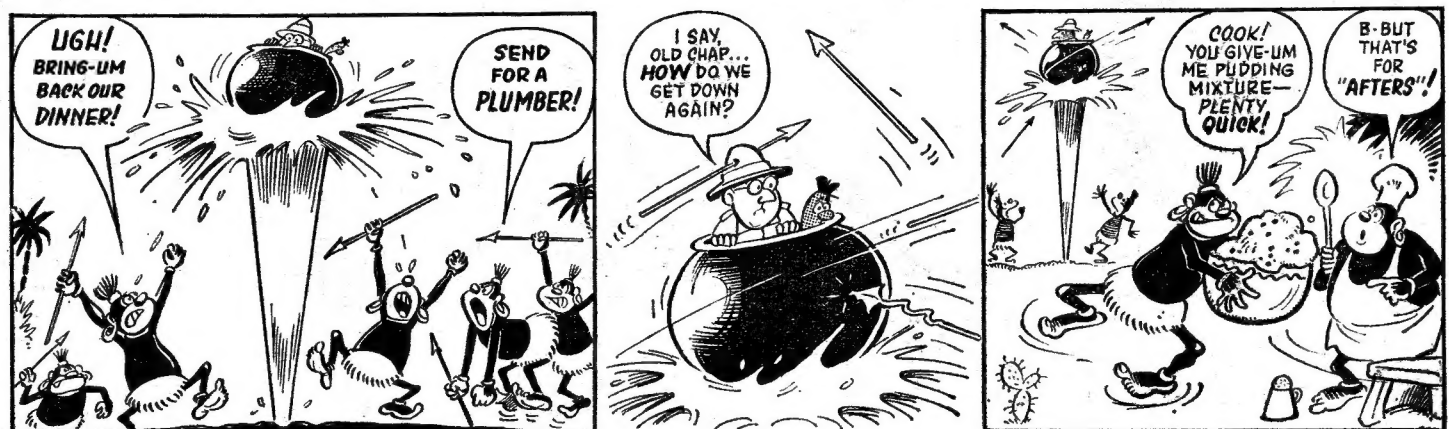
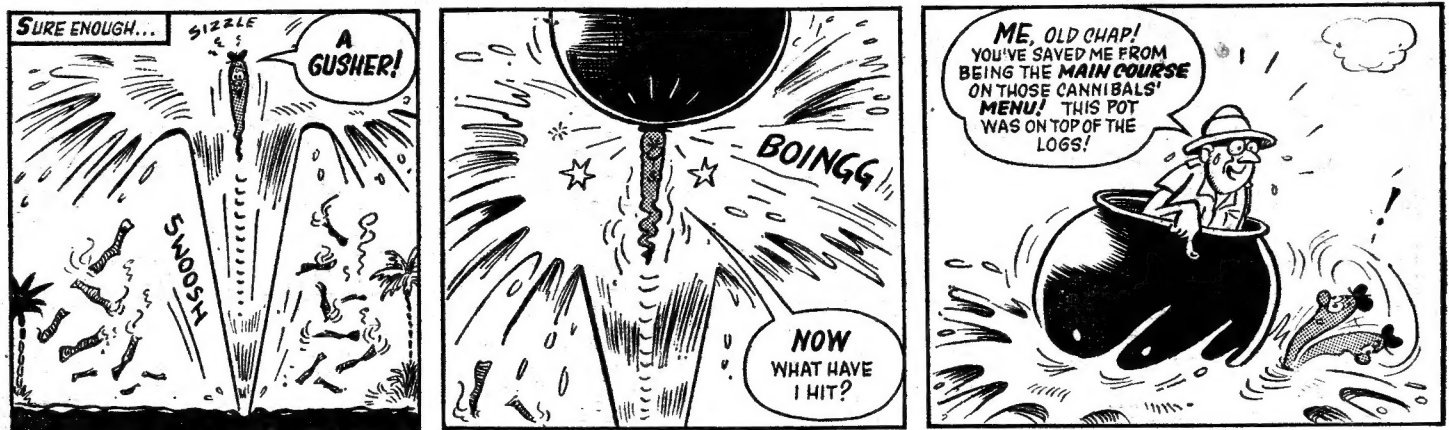
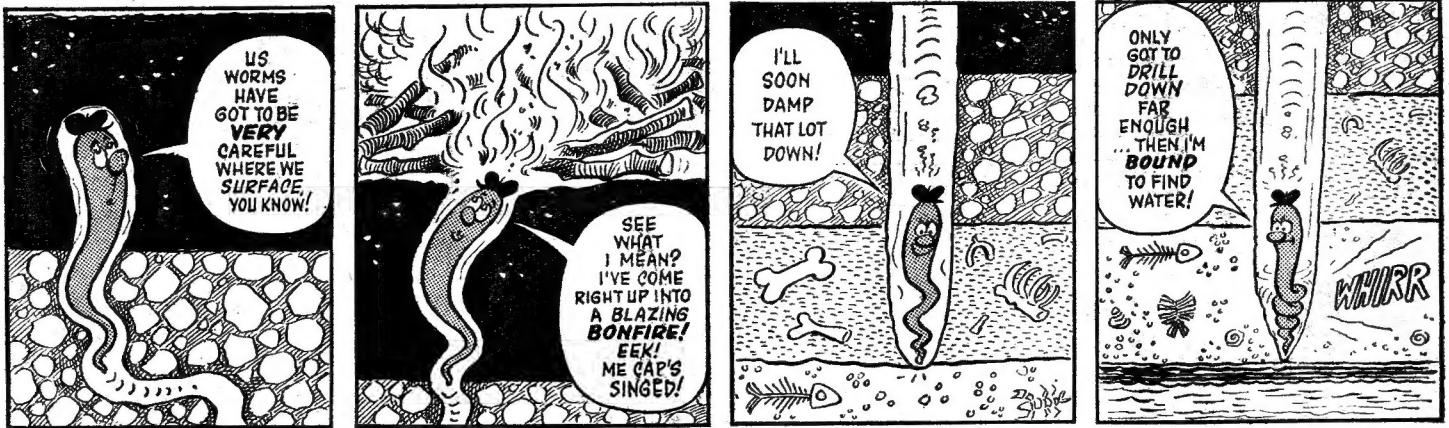
THE CASCADING RAIN-WATER SWEEPED ROUND A BEND. AND FARTHER ON...



WILL THE RUSHING TORRENT SWEEP FISHBOY INTO PERIL? MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

OUR HERO DOESN'T MAKE A MEAL OF THINGS—EVEN THOUGH HE INTERRUPTS SOME CANNIBALS' DINNER!

Wonder Worm



WONDER WORM KEEPS THE FUN WINGING ALONG WHEN HE UPSETS SOME RAVENS NEXT MONDAY!

CHARLIE SUDDENLY REALISED THAT HE HAD A FORTUNE WITHIN HIS GRASP!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Charlie Peace, arch-rogue of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which transported him forward to the year 1968. He re-established himself in his old hide-out in the East End and decided to continue his various law-breaking activities...



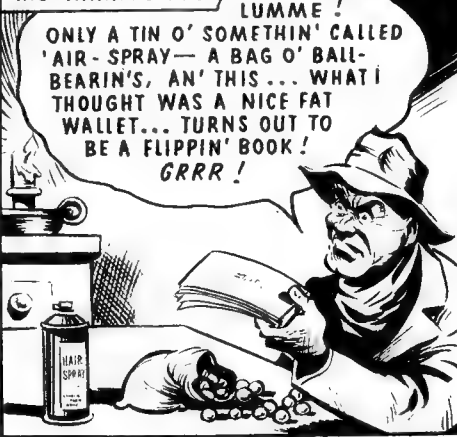
PEACE REACHED A SHOPPING CENTRE, AND EXERCISED HIS NIMBLE FINGERS IN ANTICIPATION...



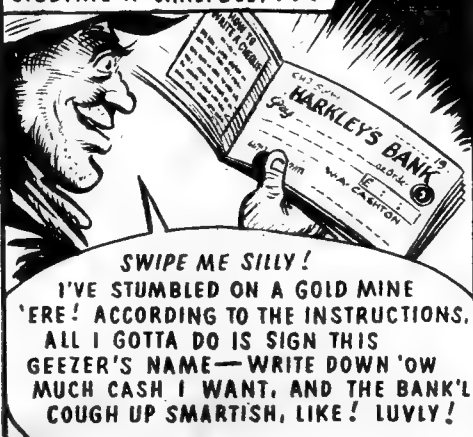
SOON, HIS BUSY HANDS WERE DARTING BACK AND FORTH WITH SILENT STEALTH...



BUT LATER, IN HIS EAST END LAIR, CHARLIE'S GOOD HUMOUR VANISHED WHEN HE INSPECTED HIS 'TAKINGS'...



ACTUALLY, IT WAS A CHEQUE-BOOK, AS THE ARCH-ROGUE DISCOVERED AFTER STUDYING IT CAREFULLY...



WITHIN HALF AN HOUR PEACE WAS HANDING IN A FORGED CHEQUE AT A NEARBY BANK...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF—

THE CASHIER'S SUSPICIONS WERE AT ONCE AROUSED WHEN HE SAW THE AMOUNT THE MASTER-THIEF HAD ENTERED ON THE CHEQUE!

BANK
Pay Fifty Sovereigns or order
£ s d
W.A. CASHTON
Chas W.A. Cashton
11/2/1965

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS? DOESN'T THE SCRUFFY OLD TRAMP KNOW THAT SOVEREIGNS WENT OUT OF CIRCULATION YEARS AGO?

AND WHEN CHARLIE'S UNTIDY SCRAWL FAILED TO MATCH UP WITH THE REAL DEPOSITOR'S NEAT SIGNATURE...

YOU'RE NOT W.A. CASHTON, YOU RASCAL— YOU'RE AN IMPOSTOR! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

EH..?

TELEPHONE

BUT SUDDENLY...

THIS IS A STICK-UP! THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE COPS IT!

OH, DEAR... ROBBERS! OOOOHH!

TELEPHONE

COME ON! FILL THEM SACKS WITH CASH— AN' NO FUNNY TRICKS!

PERISHIN' CHEEK! I WAS WORKIN' THIS BANK! THESE MODERN-DAY THIEVES AIN'T GOT NO MANNERS!

AS THE STOCKING-MASKED CROOKS WERE ABOUT TO DEPART WITH THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS, CHARLIE MADE HIS MOVE...

OI! 'OLD ON A MINUTE, YE INTERFERING SNAKE!

EH? WHAT DO YOU WANT, TRAMP?

PEACE'S WHISPERED WORDS WERE FOR THE GANG-LEADER'S EARS ONLY...

I 'AD MY EYES ON A LIKELY 'AUL BEFORE YOU LÖT BUTTED IN— BUT GIVE ME A CUT O'YER SWAG AN' I'LL LEAVE YOU BE!

WHAT...

THE ANSWER TO CHARLIE'S PROPOSITION WAS A GRIM CHUCKLE...

HAW, HAW! THAT'S A GOOD 'UN, GRANDPA! BUT I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR JOKES! 'OPPIT, WHILE I'M STILL LAUGHIN'!

RIGHT, YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT...

THE VILLAIN FROM VICTORIAN TIMES WHIPPED OUT THE AEROSOL HAIR-SPRAY HE HAD STOLEN EARLIER, AND...

I KNEW I'D FIND A USE FOR THIS NEW-FANGLED GADGET!

HAIR SPRAY

VUUUUUGH!

STICKY LACQUER CLOGGED UP THE FINE MESH OF THE NYLON MASK...

AAAARGH! I CAN'T SEE NOW...

LET'S GET OUT OF 'ERE, LADS— THE BOSS WILL 'AVE TO FEND FOR 'IMSELF!

OI! NOT SO FAST, MATEYS...



CHARLIE WASN'T FINISHED YET...

... 'AVE SOME BALL BEARIN'S — WIV THE COMPLIMENTS O' CHARLIE PEACE!

THE CROOKS TOPPLED OVER THE BALL-BEARINGS AND CHARLIE ADDED A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES WITH THE BUTT OF THE GANG LEADER'S FIRE-ARM...

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE IN ME BUSINESS PROCEEDIN'S...



WITH THE BANK ROBBERS STUNNED, THE MASTER-THIEF SNATCHED UP THE MONEY-FILLED SACKS...

HEH, HEH! THIS LITTLE LARK'S TURNED OUT MORE PROFITABLE THAN I EXPECTED! NOW TO SCARPER!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY A HIDDEN ALARM SYSTEM, CHARGED THROUGH THE DOOR...

OOOOOOOF!

... AND CHARLIE WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!



WHEN HE CAME ROUND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

EEEEK! A CRUSHER!



STRONG ARMS RESTRAINED HIM, AND TO HIS SURPRISE A THICK WAD OF NOTES WAS PUSHED INTO HIS HAND...

TAKE IT EASY NOW, SIR... WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT!

HERE— PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FIFTY POUNDS AS A REWARD FOR YOUR BRAVERY! YOU PREVENTED A BANK ROBBERY SINGLE-HANDED!

OOOH! I FEEL ALL FUNNY, BUT...



IN A PUZZLED DAZE, CHARLIE STUMBLED OUT OF THE BANK! BUT A SHRILL CRY JERKED HIM TO HIS SENSES...

... STOP THAT MAN! HE— HE WAS TRYING TO PASS A FORGED CHEQUE A FEW MINUTES AGO!

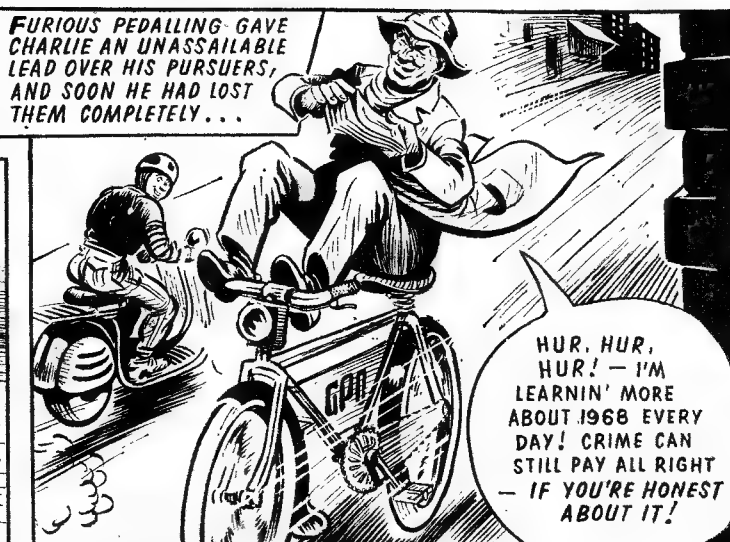
OOER! TA VERY MUCH FOR YER KINDNESS! I'LL BE ON ME WAY NOW... BLOOMIN' QUICK!



THE ARCH-ROGUE NEEDED TRANSPORT, SO...

COO! WEIRD LOOKIN' PENNY-FARTHING — IT'S MORE LIKE TWO PERISHIN' 'ALPENNIES! BUT IT'LL DO...

COME BACK...



FURIOUS PEDALLING GAVE CHARLIE AN UNASSAILABLE LEAD OVER HIS PURSUERS, AND SOON HE HAD LOST THEM COMPLETELY...

HUR, HUR, HUR! — I'M LEARNIN' MORE ABOUT 1968 EVERY DAY! CRIME CAN STILL PAY ALL RIGHT — IF YOU'RE HONEST ABOUT IT!

MORE THRILLS WITH THE AGE-OLD ROGUE NEXT WEEK, READERS!

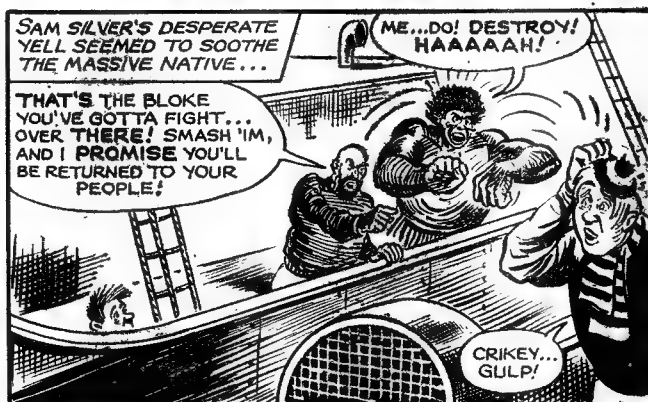
NUTTY'S RIVAL CAME FROM THE HAPPY ISLANDS... BUT HE WAS NOT TO BE LAUGHED AT!

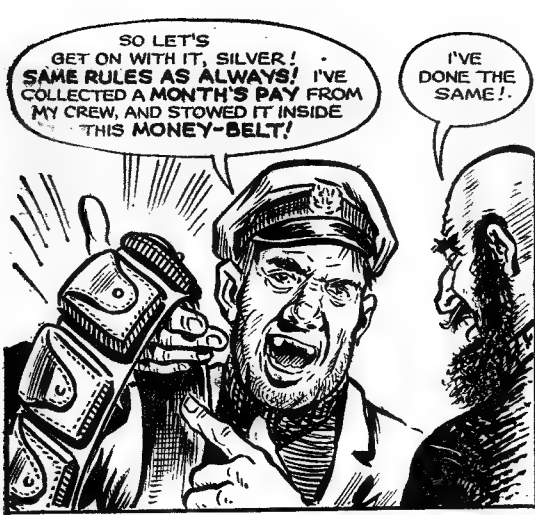


NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

On their way to America by sea, Natty Slack and his friend, Clarence Todworthy, were captured by the villainous crew of a cargo ship who threatened injury to Clarence unless Natty agreed to fight the wrestling champion of another vessel. The gentle grappler got a shock when he saw his opponent...





SO LET'S
GET ON WITH IT, SILVER!
SAME RULES AS ALWAYS! I'VE
COLLECTED A MONTH'S PAY FROM
MY CREW, AND STOWED IT INSIDE
THIS MONEY-BELT!

I'VE
DONE THE
SAME!



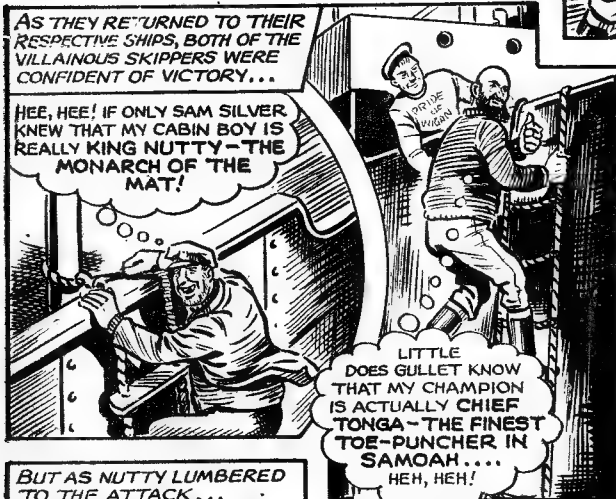
NOW WE FIX THE
BELTS AROUND OUR
CHAMPIONS' WAISTS...

...AND THE MAN
WHO WINS, BRINGS BOTH
BELTS BACK TO HIS SHIP!
HAH-HAAAAAR!



AND YOU'D BETTER FIGHT
LIKE A PERISHIN' FURY,
CABIN BOY, OR WE'LL
KEELHAUL YOUR
LITTLE MATEY, SO
'ELP ME!

HE MEANS
CLARENCE...
OH, MY GOSH!



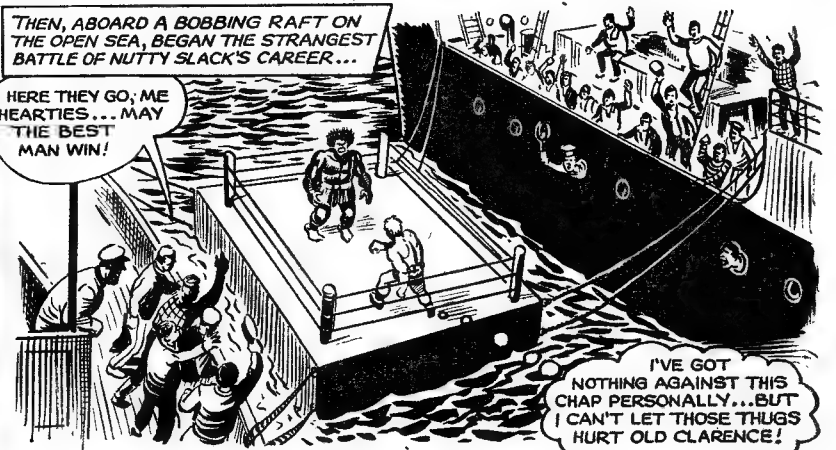
AS THEY RETURNED TO THEIR
RESPECTIVE SHIPS, BOTH OF THE
VILLAINOUS SKIPPERS WERE
CONFIDENT OF VICTORY...

HEE, HEE! IF ONLY SAM SILVER
KNEW THAT MY CABIN BOY IS
REALLY KING NUTTY-THE
MONARCH OF THE
MAT!

LITTLE
DOES GULLET KNOW
THAT MY CHAMPION
IS ACTUALLY CHIEF
TONGA-THE FINEST
TOE-PUNCHER IN
SAMOAHA....
HEH, HEH!

THEN, ABOARD A BOBBING RAFT ON
THE OPEN SEA, BEGAN THE STRANGEST
BATTLE OF NUTTY SLACK'S CAREER...

HERE THEY GO, ME
HEARTIES... MAY
THE BEST
MAN WIN!

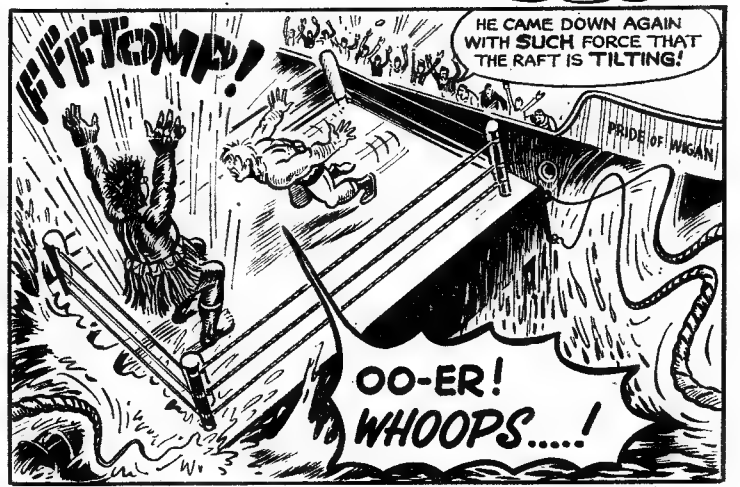


I'VE GOT
NOTHING AGAINST THIS
CHAP PERSONALLY...BUT
I CAN'T LET THOSE THUGS
HURT OLD CLARENCE!



BOINGNG!
HAH-
WUULAH!

TONGA'S BOUNDED
INTO THE AIR...



HE CAME DOWN AGAIN
WITH SUCH FORCE THAT
THE RAFT IS TILTING!

OO-ER!
WHOOOPS....!



NUTTY HAD LOST HIS BALANCE, AND
TOPPLED FORWARD-STRAIGHT
INTO TROUBLE!

THWAAACK!

GUUUUURGH!



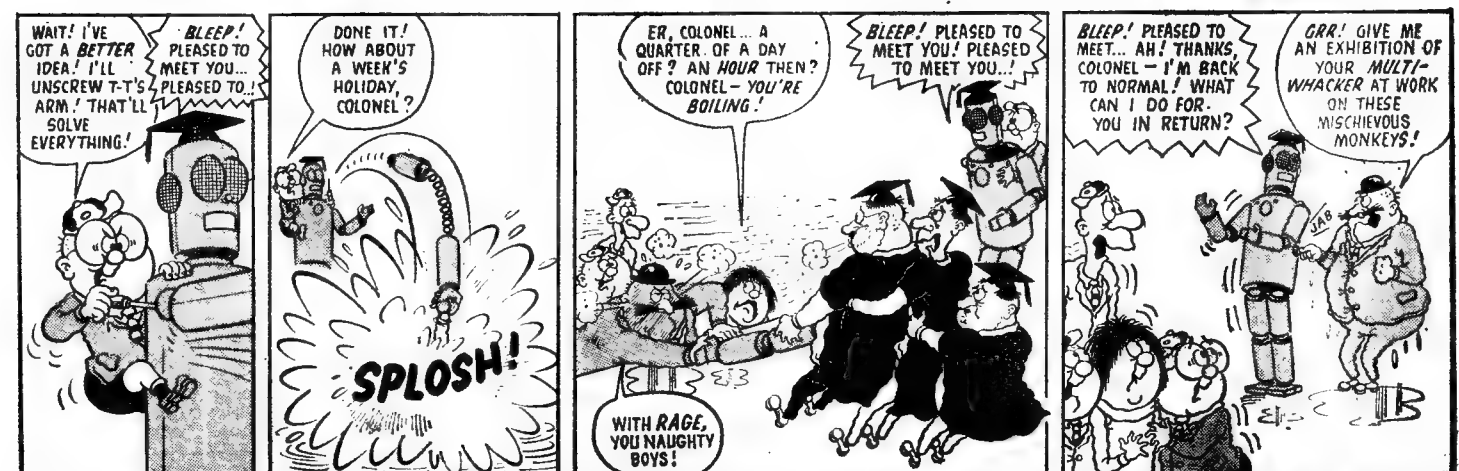
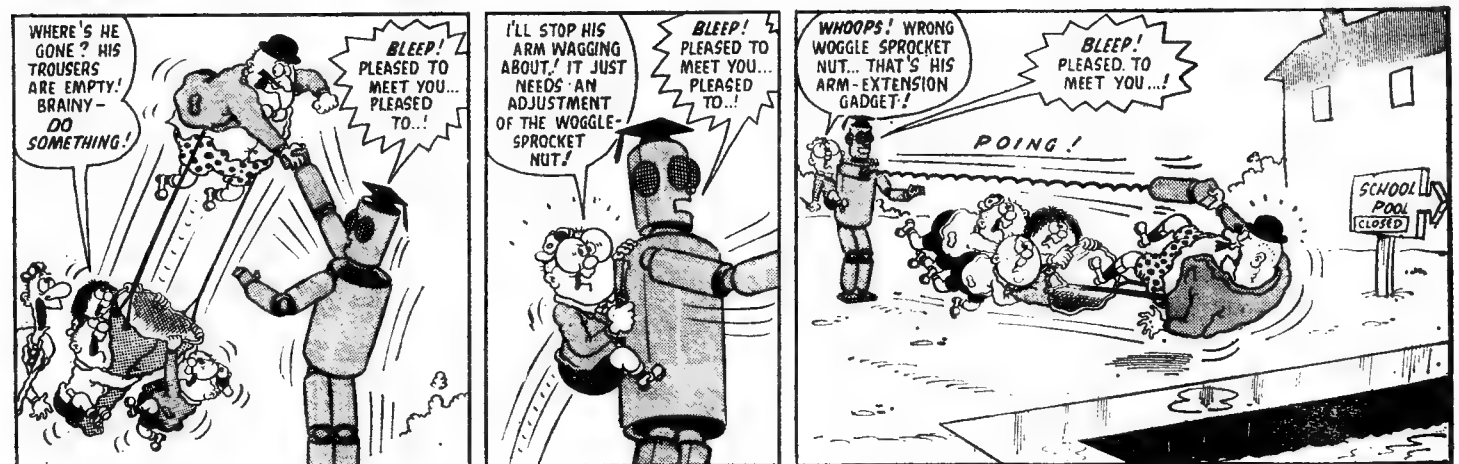
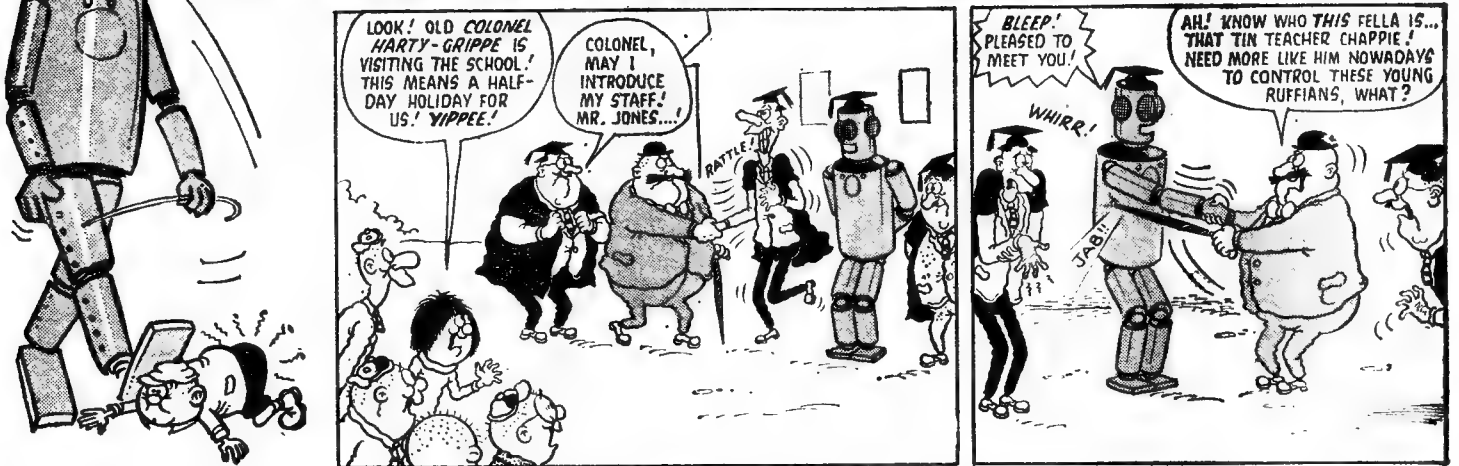
SHIVER ME TIMBERS...
SILVER'S CHAMPION
FIGHTS WITH HIS FEET!
HE TOE-PUNCHED
SLACK ACROSS THE
RING!

SOMETHING
TELLS ME...GROAN...
I'M GOING TO GET A...
KICK OUT OF THIS
FIGHT! WORSE LUCK!

WILL THIS BE A RUNAWAY VICTORY FOR NUTTY'S OPPONENT? DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

T-T GAINS THE UPPER HAND ... BY GETTING TO GRIPS WITH HIS PROBLEM!

TIN TEACHER



FUN AT A SHIP BUILDING YARD NEXT WEEK ... THE LADS' ANTICS WILL RIVET YOU TO YOUR SEATS!

HURRY FOR THESE EXCITING PICTURE STORIES OF WAR IN THE AIR

THE HERO No. 370

After the hell of battle, he won a medal. Now he had to live up to his reputation.

ISLAND AIRSTRIp No. 371

Outdated and outgunned, the flying 'museum pieces' were still in the fight.

EASY KILL No. 372

Was it a ghost plane—or were a traitor's guns ravaging the bomber fleets?

ATTACK FORMATION—GO! No. 373

The deadly Mustangs had swept the Luftwaffe from the skies, striking fear into the enemy camp.

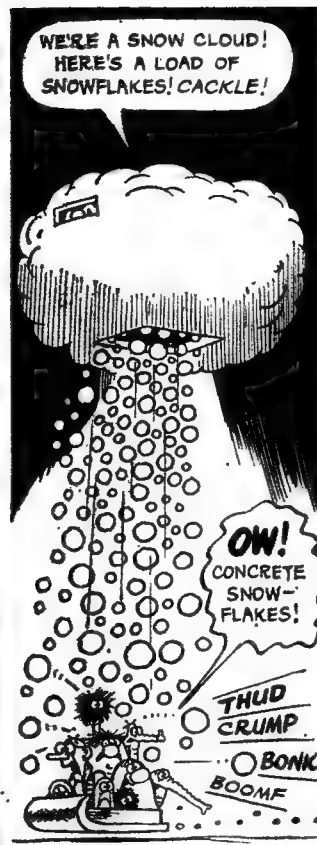
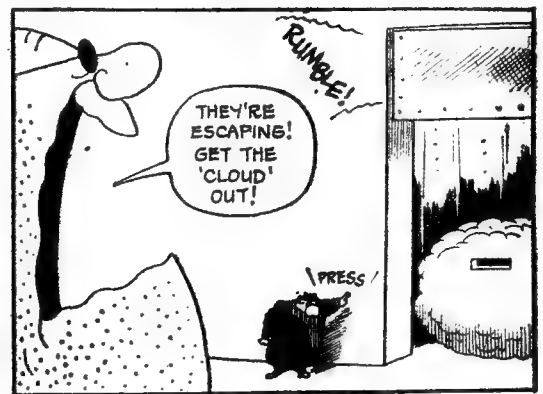
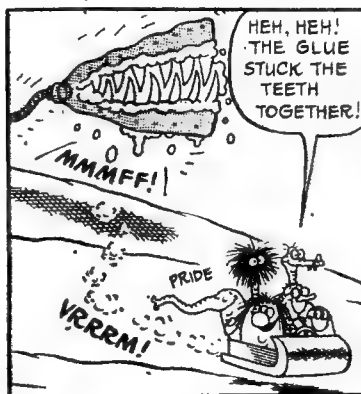
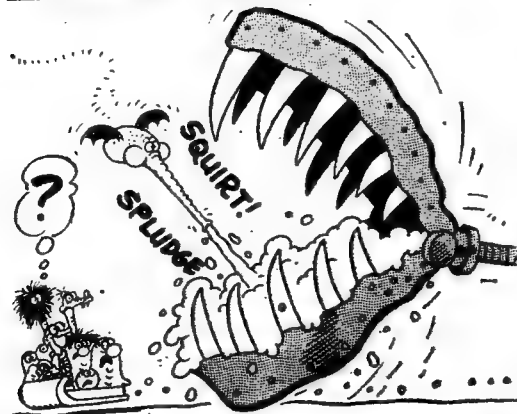
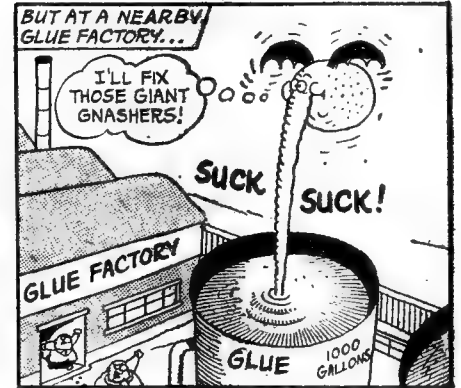
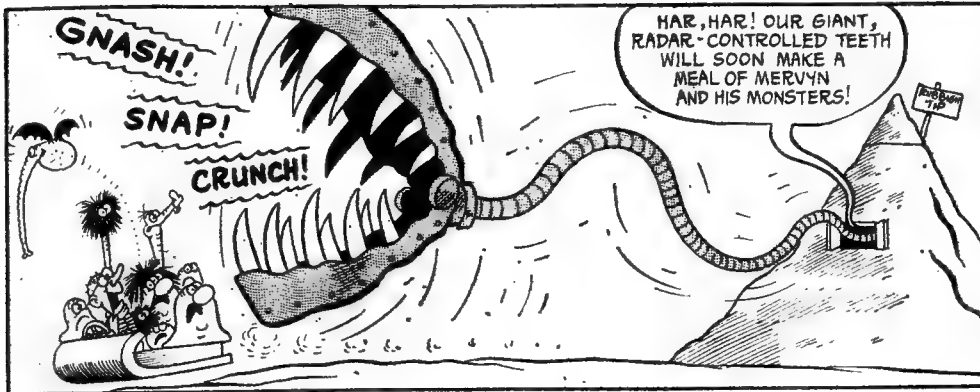
AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY

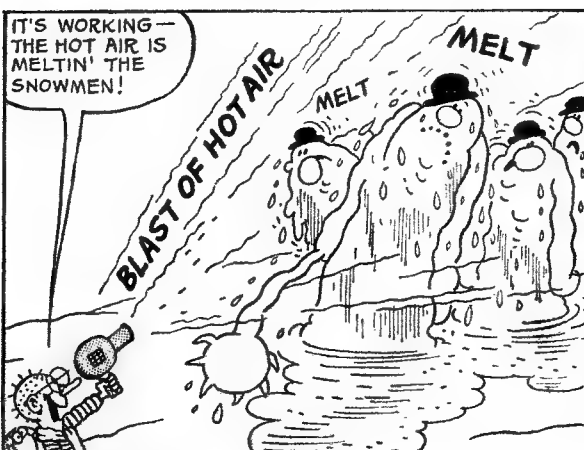
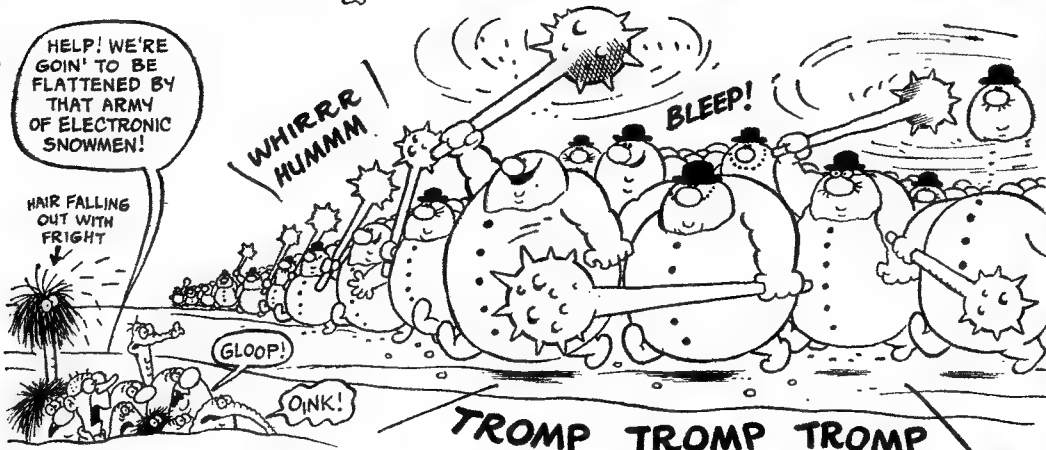
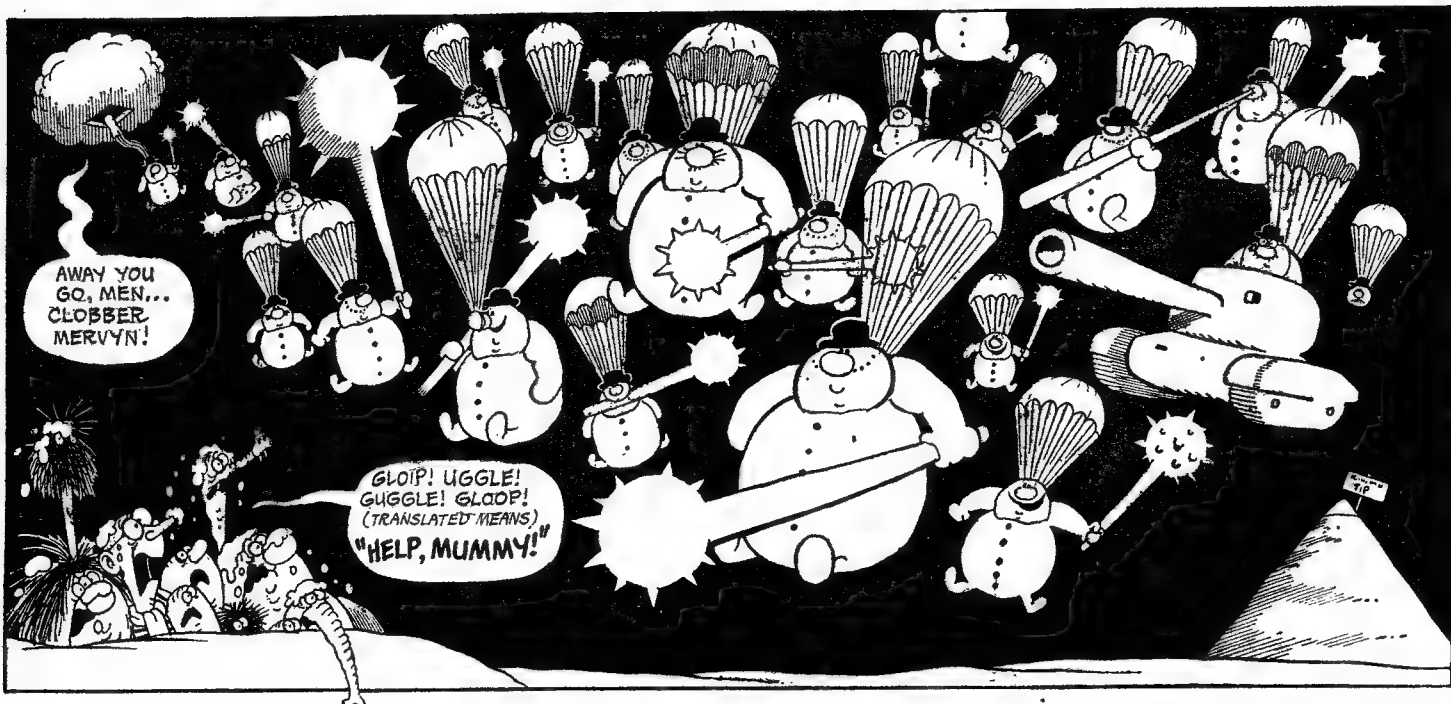
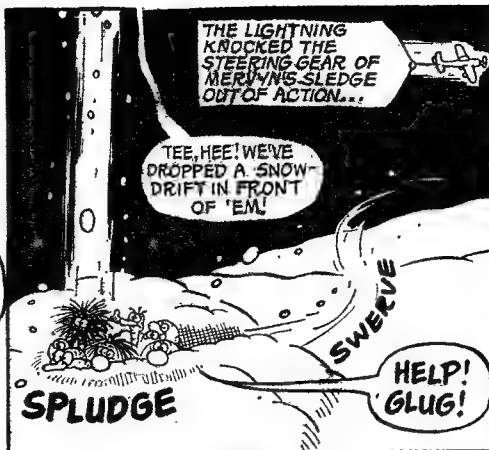
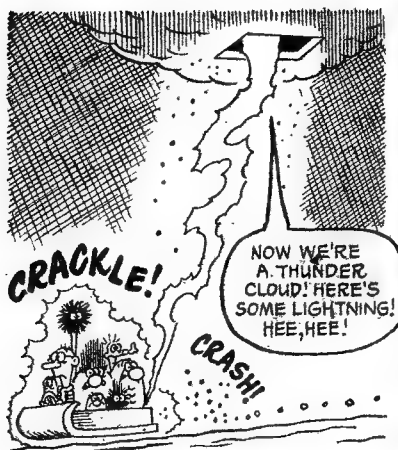
1s. each (UK price only) from newsagents and booksellers everywhere

A FLEETWAY Library



IT APPEARS THAT EVENTS ARE GETTING ON TOP OF OUR HERO AND HIS COMPANIONS!



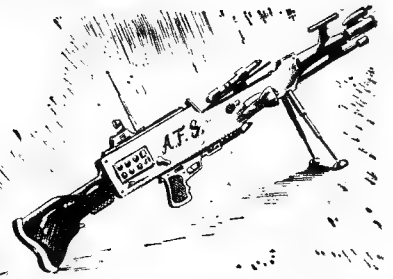


THAT SNOWMAN IS "SNOW" JOKE! FIND OUT IF HE MAKES A HIT NEXT MONDAY, CHUMS!

THROWING ALL CAUTION ASIDE, MICKY SET OFF IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



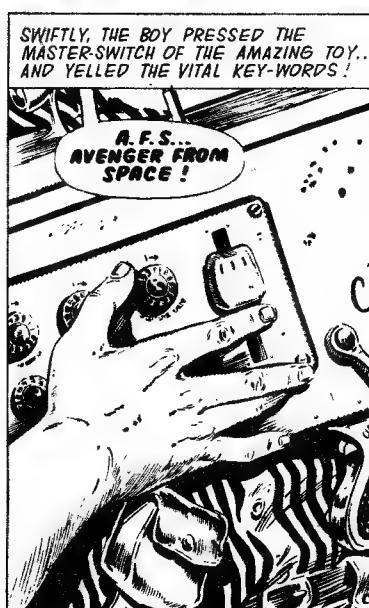
A toymaker named Spellman had presented Micky Marvel with the Multi-Gun, which, when certain key words were uttered, became a real weapon. But when Micky returned home, he discovered that his scientist father had been kidnapped. The house-keeper suggested calling the police...



A SERIES OF HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAKS, COMING FROM A STRANGE APPARATUS, HAD ATTRACTED THE BIG DALMATIAN'S ATTENTION...







THIS IS THE GUN'S BIG TEST! WILL IT SAVE THE DAY? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

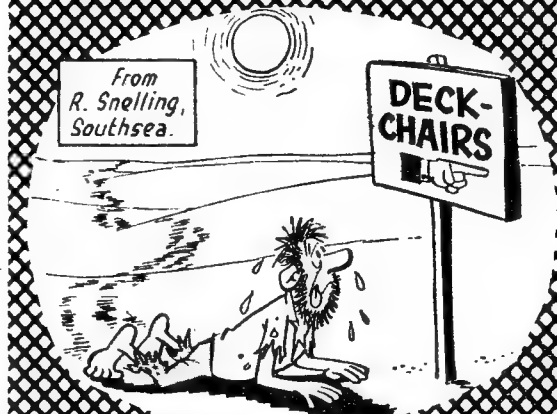
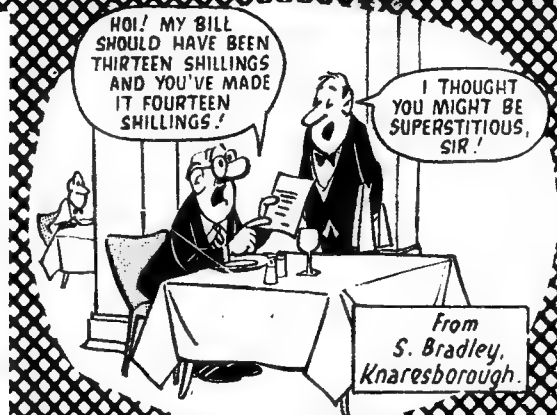
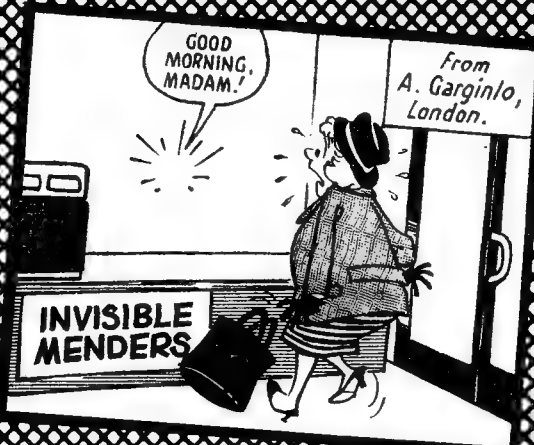
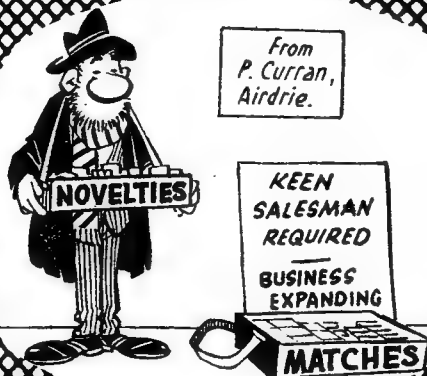
THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO YOU ALL—SEND IN A JOKE TODAY!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH



£16

TO BE WON EVERY WEEK



Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to:

BUSTER and GIGGLE, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

£2 WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH OF THE EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.

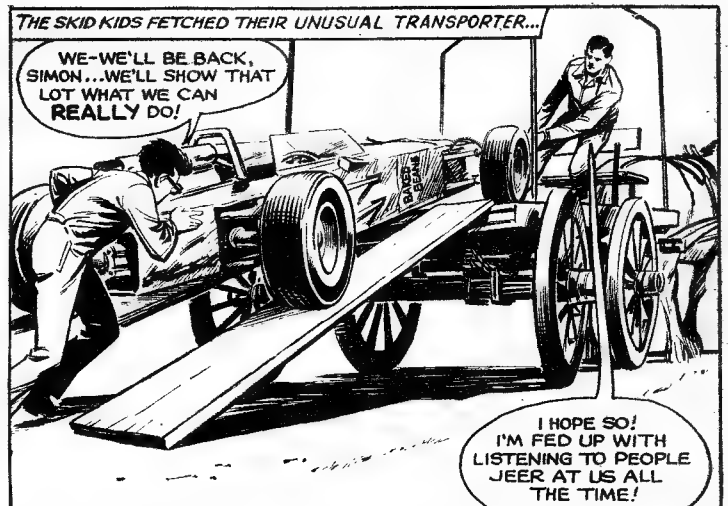
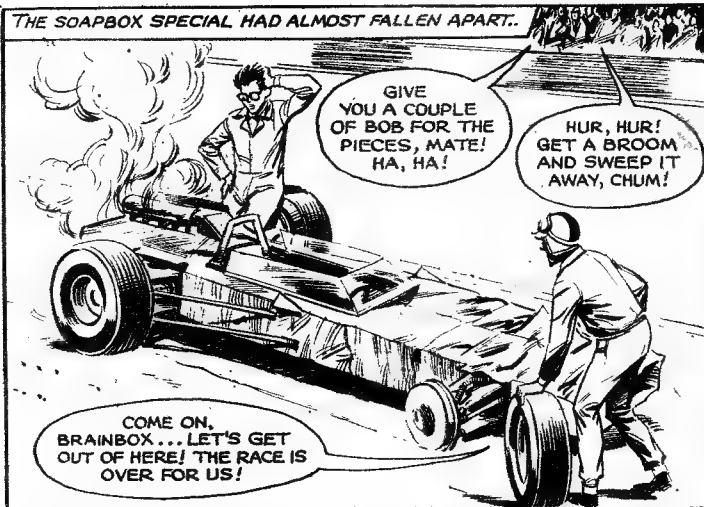
RACING AGAINST TIME, BRAINBOX WORKED FRANTICALLY ON HIS NEW CAR!



The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox entered their home-made car for the "Roseberry Bowl 100" race. But several unfortunate accidents put the Soapbox Special out of the race and the crowd jeered . . .



AS IT HAPPENED, BRAINBOX, TOO, WAS WORRIED ABOUT MONEY, AND, BY CHANCE...

RACING CAR MECHANIC, EH? WELL, I'M GETTING A RIGHT LOT ASKING FOR JOBS TODAY! BUT OKAY... I'LL FIND SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!

I'M NOT FUSSY, SIR... SO LONG AS IT PAYS WELL!

BRAINBOX GOT DOWN TO WORK, LITTLE REALISING THERE WAS A SURPRISE IN STORE...

THEY TELL ME YOU'RE NEW HERE, TOO... IT'S HARD WORK, ISN'T IT? I NEED THE MONEY TO HELP MAKE A NEW RACING CAR!

THAT'S STRANGE—SO DO I!

SIMON!

BRAINBOX!

FANCY YOU BEING HERE... I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WEREN'T INTERESTED IN THE NEW CAR!

DON'T BE DAFT! I CAN'T WORK ON THE ENGINE LIKE YOU... BUT AT LEAST I CAN EARN SOME CASH TO HELP!

TIME PASSED, AND WITH THREE DAYS TO GO BEFORE THE NEXT TRIALS AT THE ROSEBERRY TRACK...

DO YOU RECKON WE EARNED ENOUGH EXTRA CASH TO BUY A NEW BODY FOR THE CAR... YOU KNOW, SOMETHING A BIT MORE STREAMLINED?

I THINK SO, SIMON... IT WOULD BE RATHER NICE TO RETURN TO ROSEBERRY WITH A BETTER LOOKING CAR THAN ANY THEY'RE USED TO SEEING!

BRAINBOX DREW UP A DESIGN AND TOOK IT TO A FRIEND...

CAR BODY SPECIALISTS

YOU WANT THIS BODYWORK COMPLETED IN TWO DAYS? WELL, IT'S A BIT OF A RUSH JOB... BUT I'LL TRY!

IT—IT MAY SEEM A FUNNY DESIGN TO YOU, TOM... BUT I'VE GOT IT ALL DRAWN UP ON THIS PLAN! PLEASE STICK TO MY REQUIREMENTS!

ON THE DAY OF THE ROSEBERRY TRIALS...

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE COME BACK WITH THAT LOAD OF OLD JUNK YOU CALL A CAR?

YOU'LL SEE, CHUM!

IT'S NOT QUITE THE SAME ONE, SIR—I ASSURE YOU!

PITS AND PARKING

AT THE PITS...

I MUST SAY THOSE TWO HAVE A NERVE TO RETURN!

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY HAVEN'T BEEN BANNED AFTER THAT LAST FIASCO... THEIR CAR JUST FELL TO PIECES!

THEY OUGHTN'T TO BE ALLOWED TO COMPETE AGAINST DECENT CARS!

SKID

OKAY, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE NEW SOAPBOX SPECIAL...

IT'S GOING TO SURPRISE YOU! AND IT'S GOING TO BEAT ALL YOUR POSH CARS, TOO!

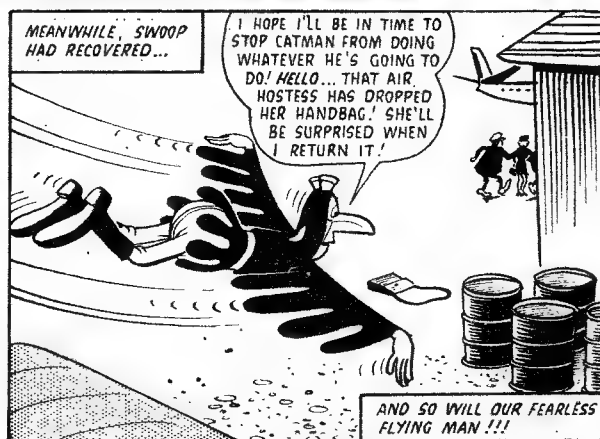
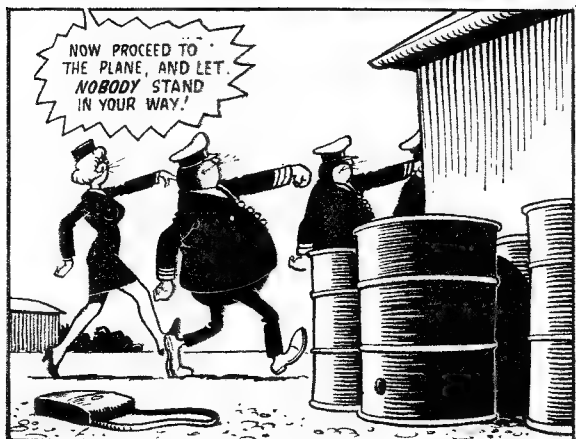
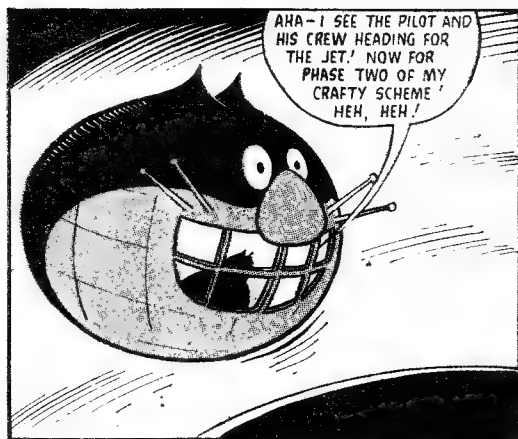
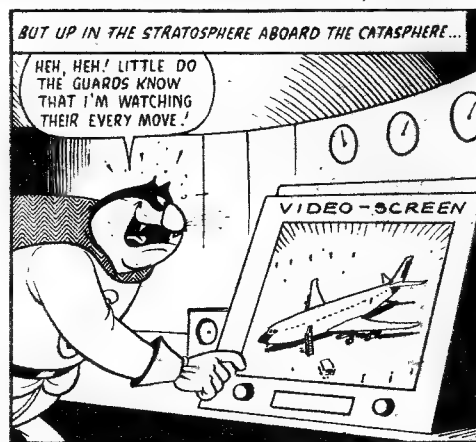
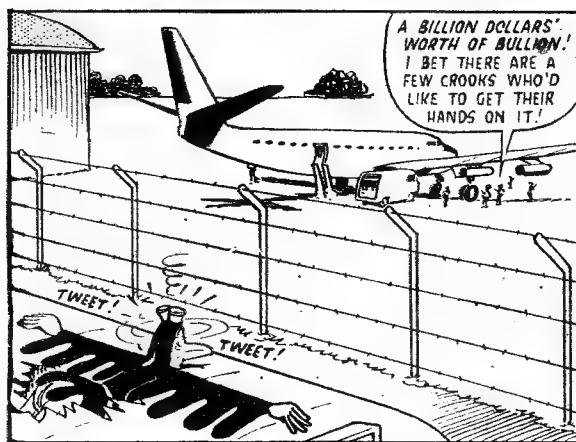
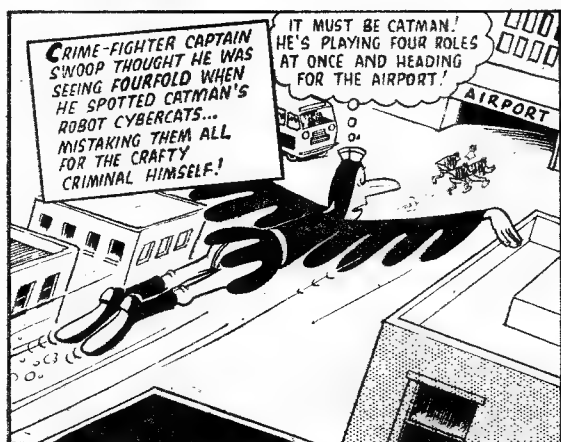
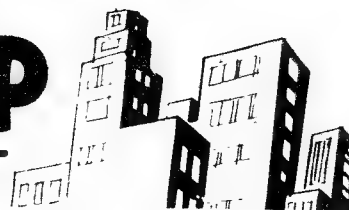
WHAT WILL THEIR NEW RACER BE LIKE? FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S SENSATIONAL EPISODE!

WHAT A COME-DOWN FOR SWOOP . . . HE REALLY MAKES THE WRONG SORT OF IMPRESSION !



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



NEXT MONDAY, CAPTAIN SWOOP GOES UP IN THE WORLD . . . IN PURSUIT OF THE CROOKS !

This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo

**THE ADVENTURES OF
ANGLO ACE**

**3 2 1
LIFT OFF!**

ALL SYSTEMS
ARE GO AND
'A' OK

MAJOR McARTHUR HAS ASKED FOR ANGLO ACE'S HELP AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST U.S.R.P.P.* ROCKET TO VENUS. ONE OF THE GENERALS IS BELIEVED TO BE A DOUBLE AGENT INTENT ON THE FAILURE OF THE PROJECT.
*United Space Research Programme for Peace.

HANDS UP
AND DON'T MOVE,
OR YOU'RE DEAD!

SUDDENLY
FOUR ARMED
MEN RUSH IN

THE MEN LAY EXPLOSIVES
TO THE GROUND CONTROLS
AND PRIME THE DETONATOR

IN TWENTY
SECONDS YOUR
LITTLE PROJECT
WILL BE GOING UP
IN SMOKE

ANGLO ACE SEES A SLIM CHANCE OF STOPPING THE MEN AND GOES INTO ACTION

POW!

THUD!

CRACK!

BOOM!

THIS WILL GIVE
YOU SOMETHING
TO THINK
ABOUT!

THE FOREIGN AGENT AT LAST SHOWS HIS HAND - HE TRIES TO REACH THE DETONATOR, BUT

AS QUICK AS LIGHTNING
ANGLO ACE DRAWS HIS
BUBBLE GUN AND FIRES

ZUP!

THE BUBBLE GUN SENDS OUT A HIGH-TENSILE BURSTING BUBBLE WHICH ENGULFS THE GENERAL, THEN BURSTS - THE RESULT IS DEVASTATING.

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD
COME TO A STICKY END -
BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW
WAS THAT ALL THIS WAS A
PUT UP JOB TO DRAW YOU
OUT OF YOUR SHELL

I HAVE
CERTAINLY
EARNED MY BUBBLY.
WATCH OUT FOR MY NEXT
ADVENTURE - AND DON'T
FORGET THERE'S MORE FLAVOUR,
MORE CHEW AND THE BIGGEST
BUBBLES WITH ANGLO
BUBBLE GUM. TRY THESE
OTHER ANGLO GUMS -
BLACK CAT, PEAK,
TIPTOP AND CANDY GUM

ANGLO
BUBBLY
BUBBLE
GUM

ANGLO
TWO-TONE BUBBLE GUM
TIPTOP
FREE
PICTURE CARD

ANGLO
PEAK

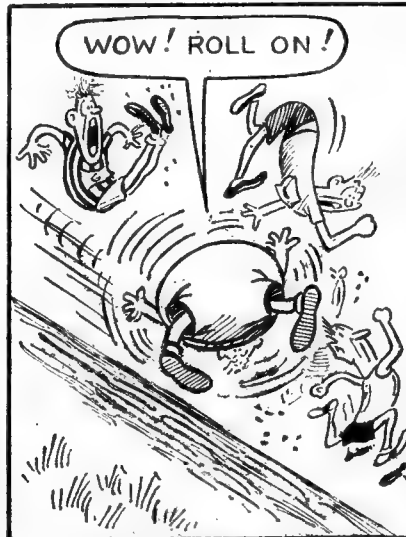
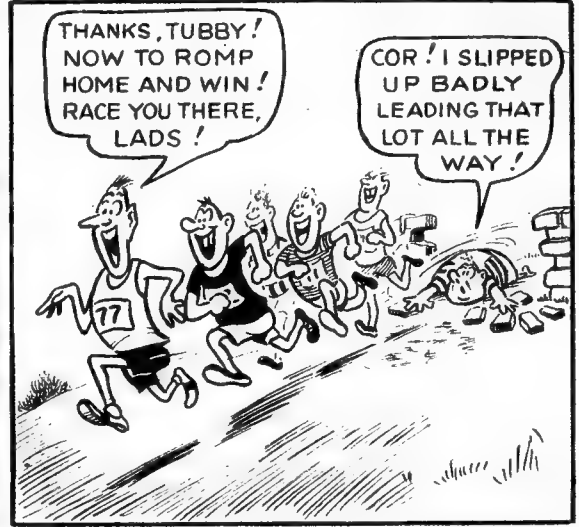
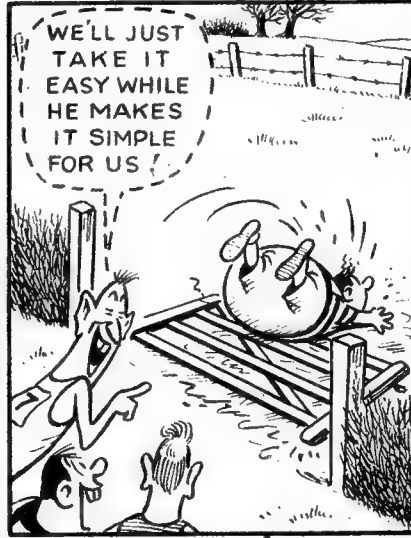
ANGLO
1 2 3
LIQUORICE

ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

TUBBY'S A FRONT RUNNER . . . BUT HIS RIVALS ARE ON HIS HEELS !

TUBBY

THE ALL ROUND SPORTSMAN



OUR SUPER SPORTSMAN AIMS TO KEEP UP HIS WINNING WAYS NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS THE FUN!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER BOASTED THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE WHO EVER LIVED. ONE DAY, HIS SHIP "FIREBRAND" WAS HEADING FOR THE ROGUE'S SECRET ISLAND HIDE-OUT WITH A CAPTURED AND NOW UNMANNED TREASURE-SHIP IN TOW, WHEN A TERRIBLE STORM BROKE.



TAKE IN MORE SAIL, ME HEARTIES! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE OUT THE STORM UNDER BARE POLES!

FIREBRAND, HAMPERED BY THE DRAG OF THE SHIP IN TOW, REEDED UNDER THE FURY OF THE HURRICANE...



FERCE BREAKERS TO LARBOARD! WATCH YOUR HELM OR WE'LL BE BLOWN ON TO THE ROCKS!

BUT DESPITE ALL THEIR EFFORTS...



THE TREASURE SHIP IS ON THE REEF AND HER HULL IS HOLED!

SHE'S TAKING IN WATER FAST. THE CRAFT'S SINKING!

PATCH-EYE HAD TO MAKE A SWIFT AND AGONISING DECISION...

CUT THE TOW ROPES, YE SWABS! WE'LL HAVE TO LET THE TREASURE GO OR WE'LL ALL BE DRAGGED DOWN TO DAVEY JONES'S LOCKER!



RAZOR-EDGED AXES SWING, AND...

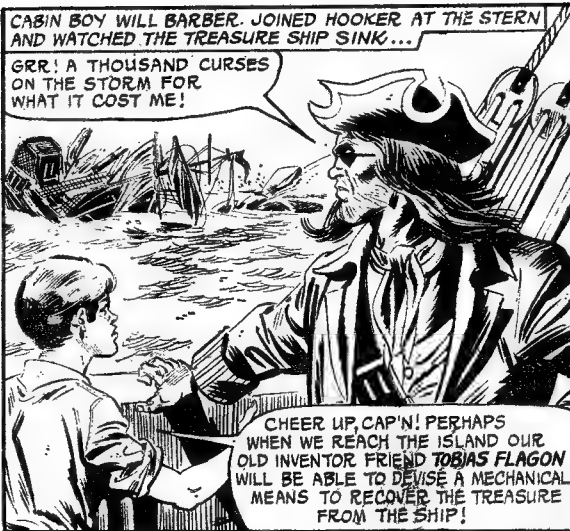
THERE SHE GOES! LOST FOREVER ALONG WITH THE FINEST LOAD OF TREASURE WE EVER LAID HANDS ON!

'TWAS US OR THE TREASURE! I, FOR ONE, AM GLAD THE CAPN REALISED THAT!

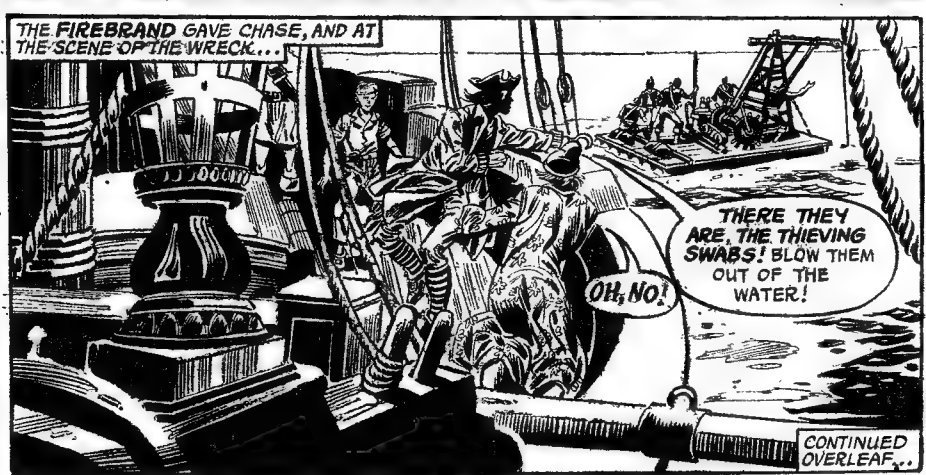


CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

NO CHALLENGE WAS TOO GREAT FOR TOBIAS FLAGON—INVENTOR EXTRAORDINARY!



WILL BARBER WAS STRUCK DOWN BY HIS MASTER'S GREATEST ENEMY!

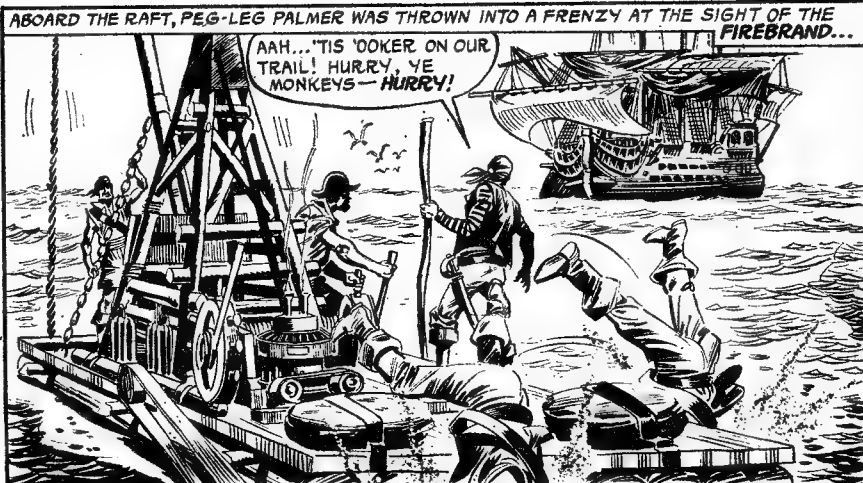




TOBIAS PLEADED TO BE HEARD...

DON'T FIRE! YOU WILL SMASH MY LIFTING ENGINE TO PIECES!

VERY WELL! WE'LL LET PEG-LEG AND HIS MEN DO THE WORK, THEN WE'LL TAKE THE LOOT AWAY FROM THEM!



ABOARD THE RAFT, PEG-LEG PALMER WAS THROWN INTO A FRENZY AT THE SIGHT OF THE FIREBRAND...

AAH... 'TIS 'OOKER ON OUR TRAIL! HURRY, YE MONKEYS - HURRY!



ALL SECURE BELOW, CAP'N!

RIGHT! HAUL AWAY!



BUT AS THE ROPE BEGAN TO TAKE THE STRAIN...

AAGH! THERE'S SOMETHING AMISS! WE'RE SHIPPING WATER!



ALL AT ONCE THE RAFT TIPPED UP STEEPLY...

WE'RE CAPSIZING! THIS WHOLE THING MUST BE SOME TRICK OF HOOKER'S!

HELP!



FROM THE FIREBRAND...

HO, HO! WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! THEY'VE TURNED TURTLE! BUT HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS, YOU ONE-EYED SWAB! GLOOP!



I FEAR I MISCALCULATED, CAPTAIN! THE CANNON WEIGHED LESS THAN THE RAFT, SO WE WERE ABLE TO RAISE IT! BUT THE SHIP IS HEAVIER THAN THE RAFT AND SO - DISASTER!

W-WHAT? YOU MEAN YOUR ENGINE IS NO GOOD? THE TREASURE MUST STAY WHERE IT IS? I OUGHT TO TIE A CANNON-BALL ROUND YOUR NECK AND FIRE YOU TO THE SHARKS! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

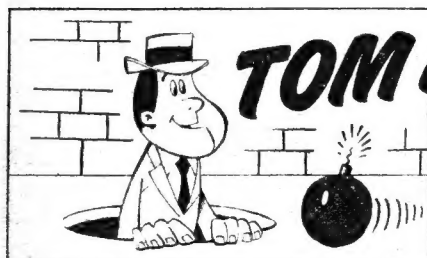


WILL BARBER COMFORTED THE TREMBLING INVENTOR...

DON'T WORRY, TOBIAS! THE CAP'N HAS MORE TREASURE NOW THAN HE CAN DO ANYTHING WITH, EXCEPT BURY IT! HE MUCH PREFERS SEEING PEG-LEG MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF, BUT OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T WANT US TO KNOW THAT HE ISN'T NEARLY SO VILLAINOUS AS HE PRETENDS!

ANOTHER EPIC ADVENTURE OF PATCH-EYE HOOKER NEXT MONDAY! DON'T MISS IT!

TOM DISCOVERS THAT EVEN A PAPER HAT CAN BRING A QUARREL TO A HEAD!



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

The Battling Kings.

FOR two months—give or take a few weeks—war had been going on between the countries of Kissmequick and Gerroffofit. It was stern stuff; every day or so, soldiers of one side or the other were dashing about hurling abuse, and bombs, at the other fellows. This was very dangerous and was making some of them very annoyed.

The war had started with a simple incident. The two Crown Princes had been invited to a picnic, and both had been excitedly looking forward to the event. A free feed was not to be sneezed at, unless one had a cold!

The Crown Prince of Gerroffofit was a big, strapping lad of about seventy-five years of age. The Crown Prince of Kissmequick was near his eightieth birthday, but as agile as a youngster of seventy-nine.

They had been treated very well at the picnic; each received an orange and a "lucky bag," and it was the lucky bag that caused the trouble.

The Crown Prince of Kissmequick was greedy, and bigger than his friend. His greed got the better of him, and he pinched the lucky bag which had been presented to the Crown Prince of Gerroffofit.

The latter screamed and stamped his foot with rage. This had no effect except to dig a hole in the field.

When the King of Gerroffofit heard the news he flew into a temper and phoned the King of Kissmequick. This king, however, was delighted with his son for bringing home two lucky bags when he had only expected one. He claimed the extra one, and was overjoyed to find a paper hat inside with the words: "Chase Me Charlie!" printed across the front.

On receiving the news, the King of Gerroffofit became angrier than ever and demanded the hat. He pointed out that he had no hat of any kind, let alone one with "Chase Me Charlie!" on it.

The Kissmequick king offered to hand over last year's hat with "Bob's Your Uncle!" on it, but the other insisted on "Chase Me Charlie!"

He explained that he didn't know anybody named Bob, whilst he had a number of Charlies on his staff. A right lot they were, too!

The King of Kissmequick laughed into the receiver. This tickled the Gerroffofit king's ear and made him itch. So, deciding the bargaining wasn't coming up to scratch, he declared war.

He delivered a speech to his subjects explaining that a paper hat with "Chase Me Charlie!" was at stake. His opponent said that if that was all he wanted, his soldiers would chase all the Charlies that Gerroffofit could provide.

Needless to say, both countries were infested with spies, and Tom Arto, our special agent, was keeping his eye, with a view to enlarging his reputation, on both lots.

He was everywhere. One minute in Gerroffofit, and the next in Kissmequick.

Both kings begged for his assistance, and when Tom learned the facts of the case he decided to assist Gerroffofit.

The king of that country had been in a furious temper all day, having seen a photograph of the enemy king in the morning paper, wearing the paper hat with the words "Chase Me Charlie!" clearly visible.

When he heard that Tom was willing to spy on his behalf, he breathed such a sigh of relief that it blew the queen under the table.

That night a stranger might have been surprised to see two pillar boxes side by side on the

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERROFFOFIT STAMPED HIS FOOT WITH RAGE!



street corner; even a post office with pillar boxes to spare would not build two together. The stranger would have been further amazed upon looking again to see the pillar boxes in the middle of the road and moving towards the zoo.

He might have thought that, with all the postmen in the army, they were out delivering their own letters. Tom, who spotted them at this late hour of the night, was not so easily fooled. He knew they were Kissmequick spies cunningly disguised!

He followed them towards the zoo, but lost sight of them in the darkness. An hour later

every animal of the zoo was loose in the town. The spies had done their work!

In a back street a policeman came face to face with a chimpanzee and saluted, thinking it to be his sergeant!

Yet another amusing incident occurred when a pickpocket tried to steal a gent's watch and found he had got a baby kangaroo instead. He nearly jumped out of his skin, and so did the kangaroo.

Then a greyhound trainer on his way to exercise his dogs met an elephant and he got quite worried.

"Gug-gosh!" he gurgled. "How you have put on weight overnight!"

And without more ado he put a lead on the elephant and began chasing round the park in an attempt to get the beast down to the size of a greyhound.

Tom Arto acted promptly. He scoured the town, and, collecting the members of the Government, he placed them in the various cages abandoned by the animals.

During the night the animals visited the cages to look upon their emptiness and rejoice. Imagine their surprise when they beheld them occupied by a new set of apes. Immediately, the real animals insisted upon returning to their cages, and it was easy for Tom to lock up these willing captives and release the Government.

The Kissmequick enemy, thinking that the population would by now be terror-stricken amongst the wild animals, marched in, only to find that everybody was up and thirsting for a fight, having been warned by Tom.

The infuriated people of Gerroffofit made short work of most of the invaders, and the newly released Government did the rest.

Next day, the beaming King of Gerroffofit was borne triumphantly round the town, victorious and wearing a paper hat bearing the legend: "Chase Me Charlie!"

Tom Arto had had some amazing adventures, but this capped everything so far!

(Tom takes a train trip next week... just to keep on the right lines! Order "BUSTER and GIGGLE" in advance!)

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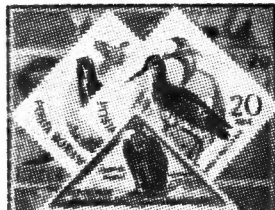
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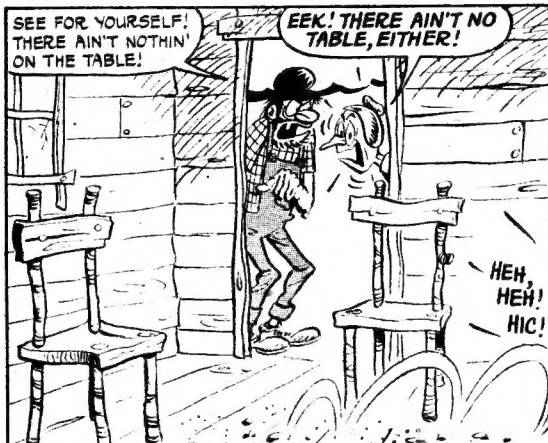
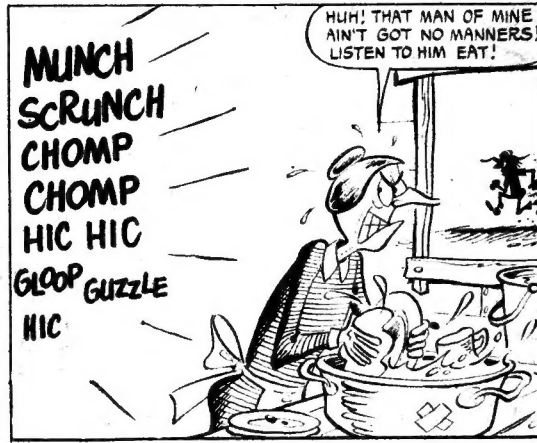
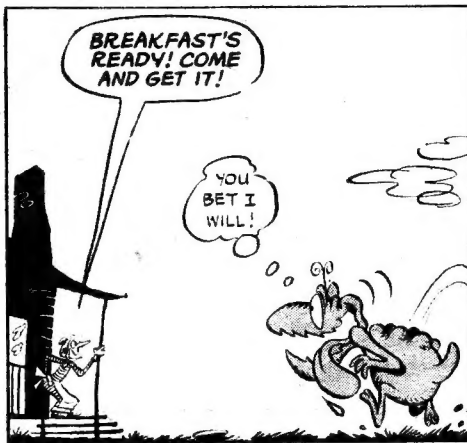
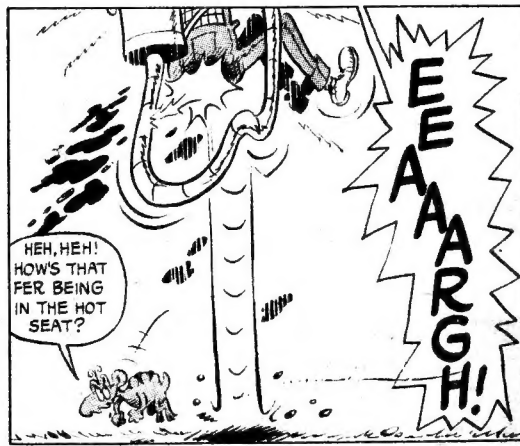
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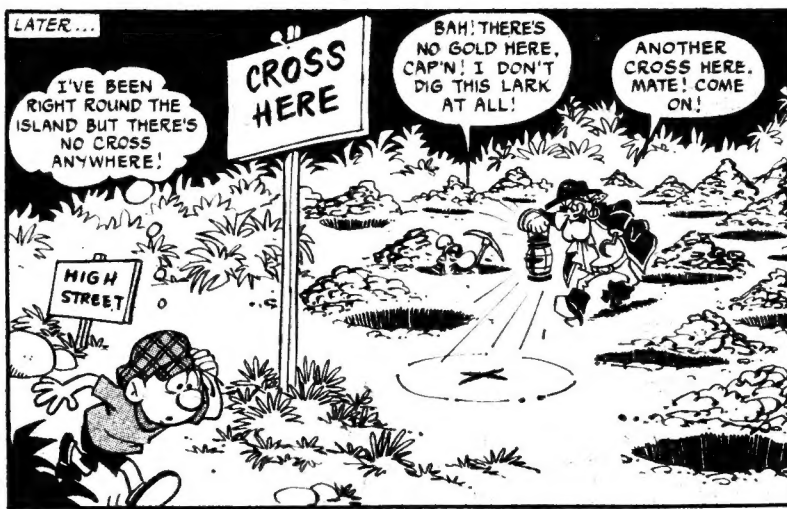
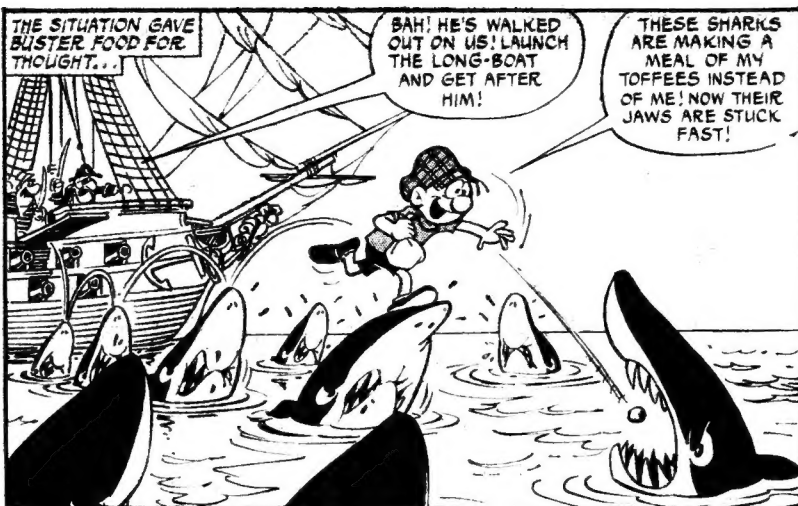
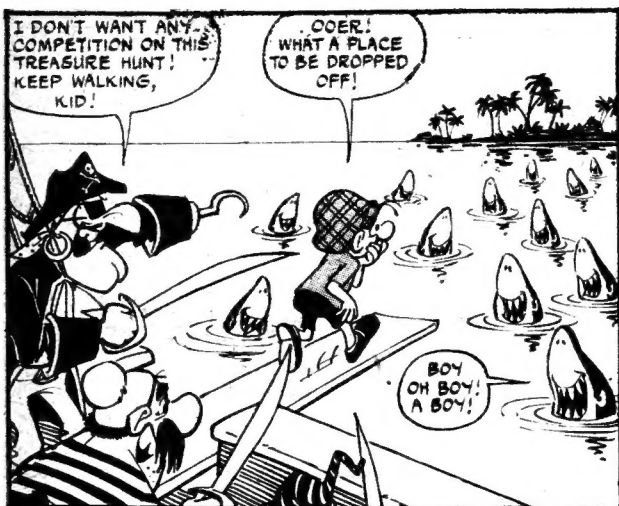
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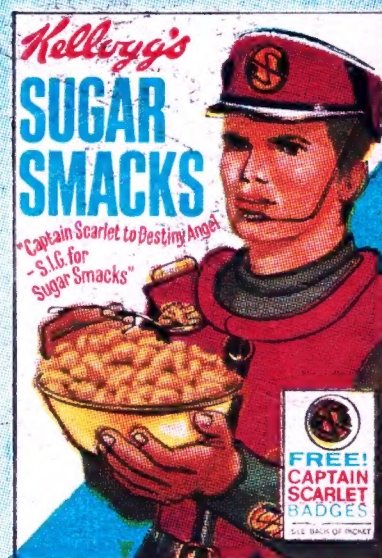


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